SACCO-VANZETTI ALDINO FELICANI

THE NATION

AUGUST 14, 1967 35 cents

Upsala College Library
East Orange, N. J.

THE VIOLENCE

NEW YORK / PAUL GOOD
LOS ANGELES / PHIL KERBY
NEWARK / LEWIS M. MOROZE
EAST HARLEM / BENNETT KREMEN
DETROIT / B. J. WIDICK

RIOTS: *Schools for Revolution?*
LOUIS KAMPF

PORNOGRAPHY: *School for Crime?*
IRVING YOUNGER

Death of Coltrane / A. B. SPELLMAN

12-18-67R CL8-1314
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019
PER NEWSPAPER NE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

The Three Revolutions

As the newscaster finishes his graphic account of the shooting and looting in Omaha, or Chicago, Boston, Tampa, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Kansas City, Buffalo, Rochester, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Newark, Detroit, Providence (the list is necessarily incomplete) the network swings into the commercial, urging the listeners-lookers to fly on Pan American because, among other vital reasons, the meals come from Maxim's of Paris. This juxtaposition, or the opposing inducements of TWA, radiate with the speed of light to whatever U.S. city is on the verge, or in the throes, of riot. There is no connection between any particular enticement to the good life of the credit card and the expense account, and any particular riot, but the general relationship is clear and need not await the Presidential commission's report.

The American dilemma is that it is the wealthiest country in the world and the most addicted to the pursuit of luxury, yet it contains some desperately poor people. This is the formula for social revolution, which we now see in its early, inchoate stages. Social revolution is a potentially creative process, but disagreeable and frightening. It evokes two types of response. One is likewise creative, in that it seeks to remove the causes of injustice and discontent. The other is counterrevolution in its classical form—the use of force to keep the *status quo*.

Poverty is of course widespread in the United States and crosses race lines. According to a survey sponsored by the Social Security Administration, at least half of all retired persons exist *below* the poverty level. These millions, black and white, are excluded from the "gains of "productivity" enjoyed by workers and investors.

Fortunately, beneficiaries of old-age "security," such as it is, are no longer fit for riot duty. But the chronically unemployed young men of the Negro ghettos are. They are not resigned to their nether role in the Great Society, and being despised as well as poor gives them the additional stimulus to fight, often in repulsive ways. It also lends a racist appearance to their insurrections—class conflict in the guise of race conflict.

Some semantic political distinctions are involved here. It suits the President's political purposes not to acquiesce in Governor Romney's contention that the biggest riots so far, those in Detroit, sprang from "national" causes—as if a score of eruptions, large and small, extending from Boston to Portland, Ore., could be anything but national. Mr. Johnson perhaps has got himself off the hook—for now—with his commission, but this does not quiet discussion. Some liberal middle-of-the-roaders—Governor Rockefeller for instance—keep talking because they seek solutions for the basic problems. With a different class approach, social revolutionists are striving for the same objectives. The history of past revolutions shows that though many men of good will have tried to reform society in a desperate situation, they have seldom succeeded in mediating between the revolutionary hotheads and the inplacable counterrevolutionary interests.

The latter, in the current American impasse, see only a conspiracy that will fit their particular form of paranoia—or the use of paranoid disguises for a future seizure of power. In the mildest form, these groups (which include Negroes) blame "agitators" from outside their city, still better outside the state, best of all outside the country. Thus the Episcopal bishop of upper North Carolina, the Rt. Rev. John A. Pickney, is reported by *The New York Times* (July 31) as viewing the rioting as "part of a Communist plot to take over the world." So far, most inflamed Negroes seem to be satisfied to take over a fifth of blended whiskey or a TV set and, despite Stokely Carmichael's sojourn in Havana, they show no signs of embracing "international Communism." There is, however, some substance to the apprehensions, real or pretended, of the promoters of this latter-day Red scare. Sooner or later, sporadic local uprisings are pretty sure to escalate into action organized on a national scale with some degree of liaison and discipline instead of extemporaneous looting. And then what?

Mayor Cavanagh of Detroit, less imperturbable than he used to be, would rely on a federal anti-riot force of 1,000 men in each major city. Viewed from a purely military standpoint (which is the way many white backlashers view it) the present city, state and federal forces seem adequate for what these people want, which is only to keep the rioters and marauders out of white neighborhoods, residential and commercial. As long as this can be done, riots—even in their own cities—are of little concern to most whites. The situation may change when Negro veterans return *en masse* from Vietnam or a bigger war, but generally those of the white majority who do not own property in black neighborhoods seem to have little to worry about in that line.

Nevertheless, the Presidential commission will have to come up with remedies for the Negro revolution, and unofficial thoughts along these lines will continue to be offered. For instance, in a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* (August 1) *Life*, first declaring its horror at the prospect of an armed white backlash, calls for stronger police action against rioters and no concessions that would only whet the appetites of the rioters for more of the same. *Life* feels that economic, political and social reform should hold to the present sedate pace.

In this view, the urgent need is for firmness. When firmness has achieved its objective—the dissociation of the respectable Negro community from the rioters—white Americans will have a duty and opportunity. "In a thousand ways," says *Life*, "they can make it clear that they respect and even cherish their Negro fellow citizens. . . . If white America cleared its conscience on this fundamental point (whether whites will or will not accept Negroes 'to full membership in U.S. society') the police power undoubtedly would feel free to deal less timorously with riot and arson."

White America has been answering that question for some time and it is doubtful whether the 1967 riots have changed anything, except to make white America more inclined to get away from black America. In the same issue of the *Times* in which the *Life* ad appeared, an exhaustive survey by Steven V. Roberts noted the "disastrous" upward trend of apartment rents in New York City. One of the reasons: "White people are willing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to live in fewer and fewer areas of the city." The desired areas are those that are not only fully segregated, but "insulated" against integration. Those white New Yorkers that can afford it want to live in a lily-white neighborhood with a buffer of the less fortunate in racially mixed areas between them and the black neighborhoods. For the most part, the whites in these semi-integrated neighborhoods would migrate to the fully unintegrated neighborhoods if they had the money.

Events and trends leave little doubt that if white America is to accept, much less cherish, black America, it will amount to a social revolution. There is no indication that any such regeneration is in prospect.

Another kind of revolution is more likely. For almost the first time since the cold war began eviscerating the American ethos some twenty years ago, the word "Fascist" is appearing in respectable print as a possible development. The racial (or class) situation is fairly desperate, and by all indications will get worse. The one hope of a reformist solution lies in an early end of the Vietnamese War. But at his July 31 press conference the President, in reply to a delicately phrased question, replied bluntly that we are rich enough to sustain the war and spend for welfare at home. As he put it: "I would hope that not many people would feel that because we have a problem at home is any indication that we would ignore or surrender our interests abroad."

Mr. Johnson either does not foresee a swing toward fascism in the United States, or he is willing to take his chances. He evidently agrees with the argument that because the war has not reduced federal spending on poverty, it has no connection with the Negro insurrection. This flies in the face of two salient facts. One is that spending to alleviate poverty was never anywhere nearly high enough even before the Johnson escalations. The present ratio is $2 billion for the war on poverty to $27 billion for the war in Vietnam, and the war has given a purblind House of Representatives leverage to oppose increases for welfare, if not to cut it to a still more inadequate level. The other consideration is that dollar totals do not reflect skilled manpower, always in short supply, and material resources. Surgeons who are attending American wounded in Southeast Asia could be operating in U.S. hospitals, construction firms that are building U.S. bases in Vietnam and Thailand could be clearing slums in the United States, and so on.

Three revolutions are in play. The one that is at its beginning is the Negro revolution. The one that shows no sign of developing is a responsive moral and social revolution involving an abnegation of white supremacy. The present odds are on the Fascist revolution, although it too is in an early and perhaps still reversible stage. But, as the radio commentators used to say in the 1930s, it is later than you think.

Politics As Usual

Pressed for pronouncements on the Detroit rioting, Ray Girardin, the police commissioner, countered with: "Maybe I should be denouncing all lawbreakers and looters and making fiery speeches, but I'd rather spend

IN THIS ISSUE

August 14, 1967

EDITORIALS

98

ARTICLES

The Violence
101 New York: "Nothing Worth Saving" — *Paul Good*
102 Detroit: Motown Blues — *B. J. Widick*
104 Los Angeles: Western Justice — *Phil Kerby*
105 Newark: Lethal Indifference — *Lewis M. Moroze*
107 East Harlem: "Do Not Cross, Flatfoot!" — *Bennett Kremen*
108 Sacco-Vanzetti: A Memoir — *Aldino Felicani*
112 Beginnings of Wisdom — *Woody Klein*
115 Crime and Politics — *Gilbert Geis*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

117 Riots: Schools for Revolution? — *Louis Kampf*
119 John Coltrane: 1926-1967 — *A. B. Spellman*
120 Pornography and Violence — *Irving Younger*
124 Sholom Aleichem in the Park — *Sidney Bernard*
125 Theatre — *Julius Novick*
127 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

Publisher JAMES J. STORROW JR.
Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS
Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS
Associate Editor PHIL KERBY
Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH
Literary Editor HELEN YGLESIAS
Copy Editor MARION HESS
Poetry Editor MICHAEL GOLDMAN
Theatre HAROLD CLURMAN
Washington ROBERT G. SHERRILL
Art MAX KOZLOFF
Paris ALEXANDER WERTH
Music BENJAMIN BORETZ
London RAYMOND WILLIAMS
Science CARL DREHER
Bonn C. AMERY
Advertising Manager MARY SIMON
Canberra C. P. FITZGERALD

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1967 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-2533. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 205 No. 4*

Combined with **FRONTIER**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my time finding out why they did what they did." This spirit of sober inquiry is in striking contrast to most of the statements made by prominent politicians from the beginning of the Newark disorders to the end of the trouble in Detroit—although it is not really ended there or in any other American city where Negroes and whites live in different sections and in a state of smoldering hostility.

The prize for the most irresponsible comment on the situation was won handily by the Republican Coordinating Committee with its blast of July 24 at the President. *The New York Times,* which rarely deviates from moderation in its editorial expression, called the GOP press release a "flagrant outrage," "the most transparent kind of seedy politics," a "shabby statement" at an "execrable level" of politics, "replete with demagogic tales." This last referred to the assertion that "factories for the manufacture of Molotov cocktails have been uncovered by the police," and "hate mongers are traveling from community to community inciting insurrection." Challenged on the Molotov cocktail story, Senator Dirksen walked out of the press conference which had been called to launch the statement; later, J. Edgar Hoover—surely not one to overlook organized subversion—testified that he had no intelligence on which to base a conclusion of conspiracy.

The GOP statement was not something tossed off by a publicity man with an overheated imagination. It was composed by former Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, Rep. William C. Cramer of Florida, and Gov. John A. Love of Colorado. It was approved unanimously by the entire coordinating committee at an all-day meeting. The committee includes Ray Bliss, the Republican national chairman, General Eisenhower, four former Republican Presidential nominees, sixteen Congressional leaders, eight governors and six members of the National Committee. President Johnson, by his own politicking in connection with Governor Romney's request for federal troops, certainly provoked partisanship by the Republicans, but nothing could excuse laying the entire blame on the President for a situation which has been allowed in both parties to fester since the failure of Reconstruction after the Civil War.

Responsible Republicans were shocked by the GOP statement and hastened to dissociate themselves from it. But it was no more blatant than many of the other reactions to the riots. Governor Reagan called the rioters "mad dogs." Sen. Robert C. Byrd (D., Va.) called for control by "brutal force"—and this was said after there had been time for reflection. Another disquieting development is the manner in which the chief Congressional inquiry into the riots was turned over to Sen. John L. McClellan's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. Sen. John Sherman Cooper (R., Ky.) fought to include in the empowering resolution authorization to search for "economic and social" factors. His proposal was rejected by a vote of 6 to 2, with some members of the committee arguing that stress on social factors would amount to "condoning lawlessness." Unless wiser heads on the committee can bring influence to bear, the prospect is for an inquiry patterned on the one which dealt with Mafia-style criminality, competing with the old-style Red hunt of Senator Eastland's subcommittee.

The cardinal trouble with old-fashioned politicking in the situation now confronting the country is not only its inhumanity but its certain ineffectiveness. In its external military operations, in space exploration and technology generally, the United States is the marvel of the ages. But the Negro insurrection is a warning of its internal weakness. Its white majority has been indifferent to the accumulated grievances which have led to the growth of a bitterly disaffected black minority. To attempt to treat a national illness of such gravity with politically motivated proposals is sheer quackery. Sober self-examination is in order. On a visit to Cuba, James Reston wrote that with all the faults of the Castro regime, "there is a sense of common life and purpose." Why is that lacking here? These are the kinds of questions to which politicians should be seeking the answers.

Sic Transit Charlie

In his advancing age, Charles de Gaulle has been tripped by his sense of history. The flagship *Colbert,* as it sailed up the St. Lawrence River, led him to a shore where he was met by an incredibly enthusiastic welcome, fit for a king. And indeed a king he was—for a day. The shadows of his French ancestors in Quebec and their sons of today may well have mingled in his mind with the memory of the crowds idolizing him at the liberation of Paris. It would be sad, though, and too easy, to ascribe the unprecedented, undiplomatic behavior of the French President to the sentimentality of a great man growing old. That would be entirely out of character.

General de Gaulle has always followed the lead of history by pushing it along, and not too gently at that. He has always known where he was going, regardless of whom he pleased or displeased. History bore him out more often than not: in the victory of the Allies, in the liberation of colonial territories, in the thawing of cold-war blocs, even in the forced reappraisal of Britain's attitude toward continental Europe. He is a master of the shock technique and greatly enjoys his self-appointed mission to bare unpleasant realities.

In his Canadian trip, he chose to apply the shock treatment to the split personality of Canada, to split it further apart as a first step, and mine a bonanza of French influence to the detriment of British and American control. It is unfortunate that such a coup had for a target one of the best friends of France. For once, the endorsement of the French Cabinet notwithstanding, President de Gaulle seems to have acted on the basis of fiction rather than facts: the French Canadians are asserting their French heritage but the majority of them wish to obtain equality as Canadians, not as French. And France does not wish to reassert sovereignty over Quebec. History cannot return to the days of Montcalm any more than geography can ignore the 2,500-mile common border of Canada and the United States. Ironically, a long section of this border might even dissolve if Quebec were amputated from Canada. This could hardly be the General's wish.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VIOLENCE

Why did it have to happen like this? Can it all be laid to outside agitators and the Communist conspiracy, as the actions of Congress seem to indicate they believe? Or was it simply the police brutality of a Fascist state, as the assertions of Stokely Carmichael, Adam Powell and others indicate they *believe? Was it the aborting of the war on poverty into a war on peasants, or the glorification of violence by the mass media, or just the latest embodiment of an old American custom? Or unemployment, or educational shortcomings, or price gouging of the poor, or racial prejudice, or broken homes, or intolerable living conditions, or pollution of air and street?*

The lash of violence has many strands, all of these and more; its core is human nature itself, which can't be changed, but can and must be liberated from the cruel, restricting, poisonous cords which have made it into the scourge of American society.

The following pieces demonstrate the diversity and the dimensions of the problem, coming as they do from the major scenes of the recent violence. The crisis will hardly be resolved by the all-too-predictable formation of another committee. Nor is it much help to set aside a day of prayer to God, who created the human nature inside but not its present bondage, which is the work of unbelievers.

The only fruitful course for government must be, at the very least, the re-examination and reordering of our national purpose and productivity. Nothing less will do. And all of us ordinary citizens must, to begin with, look into our hearts and see our neighbors there. —Editors

NEW YORK

'Nothing Worth Saving'

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting developments in the civil rights movement.

Summertime and the livin' in Harlem ain't easy. New Haven Railroad commuters cutting through the black ghetto heart from white suburbs where children play on lawns and sailboats get a glimpse of what the living is, perhaps summed up in the tenement fact of a black child staring from behind an iron window grating in baking August, breathing air like dirty soup and watching the trains go by. Playtime, U.S.A. Inside, the tenement walls are sour with the defeat and despair soaked off black generations. Outside, on sidewalks, black youths congregate, with summer joblessness 15 per cent among them; they walk down streets where fewer than 20 per cent of the stores are Negro-owned. Bitter street-corner orators harangue them; they agree among themselves that New York is not a Summer Festival, that something has to give. Yet through July, while riots swept many major cities, black Harlem was quiet. Why?

The explanation involves the anatomy of all the riots. And it must be prefaced by the understanding that Harlem *will* riot, sooner or later. It has rioted five times since 1935. Each time, an incident with police lit the fuse, the police representing the face of the enemy, of economic and social repression. For example, the 1964 riots which set the pattern of our long, hot summers began after a police lieutenant shot to death a Negro teenager. But this summer, New York City policemen have been a vanishing species in Harlem. Foot patrols—a historic abrasive—have virtually disappeared from the the streets. Police cruisers exhibit a tact verging on fecklessness. A few nights ago on Lenox Avenue near 135th Street, a street fight quickly attracted 500 people. A cruiser rolled up, the men inside evaluated the situation, and rolled on. The fight ended in minutes. An attempt to make arrests could have begun the Harlem riot of 1967.

Obviously, this is a helluva way to run a police operation in a normal city. Neither New York nor any American city is normal so long as thousands of black people are penned in, developing the prisoner's mentality of hate for his keepers. Mayor Lindsay is pragmatist enough to know that feeble federal, state and city programs are not enough to keep the peace. They are a bribe to the cynical, a disillusion to the hopeful. So he and his Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary have tried keeping it by looking the other way.

Attorney Conrad Lynn, long a militant and currently defending seven alleged Revolutionary Action Movement members charged with conspiracy to kill Whitney Young and others, suggested an additional reason.

"Many young men who are potential activist leaders," he says, "have been absorbed temporarily into the system with anti-poverty jobs. They've simply been bought up."

A *New York Times* story gives substance to this, quoting an unnamed youth who was chucking bricks in the 1964 riot but now is an anti-poverty worker giving jivey little pep talks about cooling it. Why the change?

"A piece of the action," he says. "I had nothing then; I've got something now. I don't want to see it torn up."

CORE official and former Harlemite Vincent Young buys none of this.

"It doesn't mean a thing," he says. "When the shit pops, they better not try to cool it. Or they'll be washed away."

As July ended, men on Harlem streets, the *Lumpenproletariat,* were analyzing what had happened in Newark, Detroit and everywhere, and they were coming to certain conclusions. That riot was inevitable, even desirable, was foregone. But many insisted, for example, that buildings must not be burned in Harlem since it had been demonstrated that the quotient of Negro suffering during indiscriminate burning was too great.

"Harlem will be very much different from anything else," said Bill Epton, head of the Progressive Labor Party there. "Where 1964 was formless to a large degree, this will not be. The people in Harlem are politically sophisticated and they are going to seek political goals and concessions, not just emotional burnings. Those guys on the corners will provide the nucleus of leadership and they include former civil rights people who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

became disillusioned and kids who never had any illusions. I think it will occur spontaneously. All the conditions are there, things are strung tight, and only the timing of the incident is unpredictable. If Mayor Wagner and Police Commissioner Murphy were still on the job, it would have happened last year. Lindsay saved it by bending over backwards. But when it comes, it will be the granddaddy of them all."

Epton has a persuasive albeit Mao-Marxian view of rioting to date and of that to come (he himself is appealing conviction on anarchy charges growing out of the '64 riots). He contends that "race riots" is a misnomer, that "these rebellions unconsciously reflect a class position—people going after the system and uniformed symbols of the apparatus that is robbing them." Epton believes in the classic black-laboring white revolutionary coalition. He argues that for all the publicized snipers' nests in Detroit, a comparatively few whites—even police—died. White shops were burned but not a single white shop owner has been killed to date. If the black target is the white man's body, he's a poor shot.

From 1964 until this summer, there was no political consciousness directing rioters and no cohesive ghetto organization emerging from them. Riots, with their own internal lifetime of three days, burned themselves out with nothing to sustain them. But a new element was discernible in Newark and apparent in Detroit where, on the third day, National Guardsmen moving into the ghetto were chased out. Some organization seemingly existed to begin with, and more developed. This incipient radical leadership has been learning revolution the hard and only way it can be learned—through rebellion. At this stage, no unified core of leadership exists to direct a long-range struggle whose ultimate aim would be to alter American government and society beyond recognition. Or bring it down, as Stokely Carmichael vowed in the heady air of Havana.

But Harlem could be a unique ground for swift maturation of revolutionary men and their machinery. Symbolically, it is the urban black heartland. Geographically, its position on Manhattan Island could enable it to plunge the city into chaos should a prolonged outbreak—reinforced by black riot veterans from other cities—occur. Commuter trains would be simple targets for snipers in the clusters of housing projects along the tracks; already some night trains have run through Harlem without lights. Bridge and road arteries would be vulnerable. Containment of violence inside ghetto confines would be extremely difficult, short of cordoning off the entire top of Manhattan and barring passage to anyone black. The implications for New York and for America, even if revolt were inevitably crushed by troops in a block-by-block little Vietnam, would be melancholy.

This is a drastic image but it is not phantasy. Phantasy-prone are legislators who kill a rat-control bill, pass anti-riot legislation, and disdain to discuss a massive and immediate public works type of program that might avert calamity. Phantasy-prone is a President decrying street violence while sanctioning a federal mania for violence in Vietnam, and at the same time calling for a national prayer day of racial reconciliation at home. Threatened New York is not singular but merely the most gross example of all the incompatibles in American society today, and Harlem is the physical reality of all the Harlems of our minds where fears of black-white Armageddon dwell. There is no national effort being made to seek true social and economic compatibility, and the best New York's Mayor can do to avert Armageddon in Harlem is to have police patrol with their eyes closed. No wonder that a cool-eyed 16 year old on a Harlem street corner said to an older black man seeking his views: "There's nothing in this country worth saving."

That is a terrible kind of sophistication for a boy, the words a pledge that he will seek his manhood rending his house asunder.

DETROIT

Motown Blues

B. J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick, a resident of Detroit, was a shop worker in an auto plant for fifteen years, and a member of the Trade Union Leadership Council. He has written two books and many articles on labor.

Detroit, the symbol of hope in race relations in America, turned into a nightmare of shattered illusions on Sunday, July 23. Seven days later its people were still dazed from the shock of its conflicts and devastation, like a city recovering from its first bombing in war.

The shock was greater because it wasn't supposed to happen here, at least not the way it did. Detroit had more going for it than any city, so everyone knew. It had a dynamic and talented liberal mayor who had more federal funds and programs going than any other urban area. Its police commissioner had the respect of most of the Negro and white liberal community. Detroit was the social base of Walter Reuther and the UAW—a union with a civil rights record far superior to most unions. The Governor's record had gained him over 35 per cent of the Negro vote—a remarkable achievement in a heavily Democratic area.

Yet in three days its edifice of progress was crumpled into ashes. The day before all hell broke loose, Negro City Councilman Rev. Nicholas Hood had decried "the long hot summer riot mongers" and added, "I haven't heard any Negroes talk about possible violence this summer—only the white people are talking about it." Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh had irritated some Negro leaders with his warning to Detroiters that the potential for trouble had not yet been eliminated.

The Mayor's network of "citizen sentries," including spies planted among groups of hostile Negroes, produced only optimistic reports. Until the early morning raid on a "blind pig" saloon in the cesspool of the ghetto, the informers gave no indication of alarm (and this was after Newark). Conrad Mallet, the talented city staff man whose function was to keep feeling the pulse of the "inner city," admitted the system broke down and failed. "Why? I don't know."

Detroit's Negro spokesmen worked hard to calm things down. Young John Conyers, Jr., went into his Congres-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sional District, focal point of the gathering storm. He was booed and stoned when he tried to talk. "You try to talk to these people and they'll knock you into the middle of next year," he reported later. This was the reception to a Negro leader whom many fellow Democrats often viewed as "too chauvinistic."

Robert "Buddy" Battles III, the burly UAW shop leader, who is president of the Trade Union Leadership Council—often criticized by some UAW leaders as being "too aggressive"—was on the streets for a while, as were others. He reported, "You couldn't use dialect speech, Swahili or anything else. You couldn't speak to those kids. This was not hate the man, just looting."

The large and seemingly imposing Negro leadership structure of the NAACP (with 30,000 Detroit members), the Urban League, TULC, UAW activists, and many ministers, lost touch with and lacked influence on the growing numbers gathering on the streets, and they were the first to call for National Guard and federal troops. Negro Congressman Charles Diggs threatened to buy nation-wide TV time to denounce President Johnson if he didn't bring in federal troops fast.

Dismay over the wild fury sweeping the streets was expressed by Nelson Jack Edwards, UAW international executive board member, Horace Sheffield, TULC leader and Battles in a statement. "One day of violence threatens to destroy years of effort to build a community Negroes and whites can be proud of. We have been far from satisfied with the conditions which have confronted Negroes generally in the community but none can deny substantial progress was made." They denounced the mobs as "hoodlums and hatemongers," but the surging people on the streets weren't listening, while thousands of whites and Negroes in integrated neighborhoods kept to their homes, and the all-white suburban areas feared the worst.

Meanwhile, the Detroiters watching their TV screens saw a city blazing at night with more than 1,400 fires counted, and with the impact on Twelfth Street of tons of napalm bombs. Fire Chief Charles Quinlan has estimated more than $250 million in property damage. A former air force captain in Strategic Services told us it did remind him of Europe in World War II. "Like Berlin," said Mayor Cavanagh.

The unreality of life came in the eyewitness accounts of integrated looting, and even sniping. Negroes and whites joined, in many instances, in helping themselves.

By Friday, the agony was largely over and law and order were restored. The lessons were staggering, and the human suffering enormous, but perhaps the greatest blow of all was the death of a dream that Detroit was different and its "shared power" concept an accepted and effective reality.

For July, 1967, was not a repeat of the race riots of 1943. Then it was mainly racist white mobs seeking to exterminate the residents of the black ghetto, who fought back in desperation and with high casualties (thirty-four killed and more than 700 injured—mainly Negro) until federal troops took over. Detroit had assumed that it had come a long way from that ghastly event, and by the generally accepted standards of measuring social progress, this view was confirmed. The labor-liberal-Negro coalition had effected many changes. Long before the 1964 Civil Rights Act, downtown stores had hired hundreds of Negroes. About a third of the city employment was Negro. Restaurants and bars were open to all. Almost 200,000 Negroes and about 30,000 whites had marched behind Rev. Martin Luther King downtown in Detroit, in a massive display that outnumbered the "March on Washington."

But the progress hadn't trickled down to the dispossessed in sufficient quantity and quality to prevent the social explosion of 1967. What kind was it?

Tony Ripley, confidant, handy man and speech writer for Mayor Cavanagh, analyzed it this way: "It was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mostly a rebellion of people who have no stake in society, people of both races. You put up with the *status quo* as long as it works for you. If you are going nowhere and there is no end in sight, then the hostility grows."

Twelfth Street is destroyed. On it, as described succinctly by Barbara Stanton, a Detroit reporter, there were white building owners from the suburbs who called their second-floor apartments vacant, then took a cut from the earnings of the prostitutes who worked there.

"There were those who despised their Negro customers, and showed it by the filth that lay in their grocery aisles, the sour smells of clotted milk and rotting meat that rose from their counters.

"There were others who greeted the Negroes as friends, hired them, befriended them, and were warned by them when the looting began—although it did them little good.

"On Twelfth Street, holdups were so common, they went unreported daily, numbers slips passed hands, small children stole, pawn shops did a thriving business, the streets were clogged with cars and scattered with litter."

The aftermath? Who knows so soon, even with all the brave talk of rebuilding Detroit? What replaces Twelfth, and where do the dispossessed go next? How deep are the scars of the wounded and the imprisoned (many of whom are totally innocent, if the stories they told reporters are true)? What is the reaction of the white suburbs like Dearborn and Warren and Birmingham and Grosse Pointe—the places called a white noose around the neck of Detroit by Mayor Cavanagh?

A heavy rainstorm brings a suburb the designation of a disaster area by the federal government, but neither Mayor Cavanagh nor Governor Romney can get that designation for the devastated city so that huge funds could flow easily into the community. Federal aid is coming, but at what pace?

The new sound from Motown is no longer just the Supremes, a living example of what a break in life can do for the poor in Detroit; it is the cry of dismay and despair. Already price gougers charged $1 for a quart of milk or a loaf of bread until the city council passed an anti-price-gouge ordinance. The real estate blockbusters are already at work. How big will the outmigration be again? Over 500,000 Detroiters moved to the suburbs from 1950-60.

It may not be too late—this depends on national reaction to the events, and the attitude of Congress, which Mayor Cavanagh pointed out was "reactionary" and cutting down on the needs of the city. At the moment, the issue is held in abeyance, with Detroit a city of mixed and mixed-up people during the day, and a *de facto* apartheid society at night.

One clue to the immediate future: Just before the July tragedy, City Councilwoman Beck had begun a recall campaign against Mayor Cavanagh for being soft on crime, because Detroit's streets were no longer safe at night. The outcome of this, now that Detroit has had it, may tell a lot about the future of the motor city.

After a week of violence, a three- or four-week strike in the auto plants may look like "nice, clean fun" by contrast.

LOS ANGELES

Western Justice

PHIL KERBY

One hundred and thirteen years ago, a Los Angeles mob broke into the town jail, removed a convicted murderer who had been granted a stay of execution and hanged him from the crossbeam of a corral gateway across the street. This informal execution, one of many in the lynch-happy Los Angeles of that era, represented a commitment of Mayor Stephen C. Foster, who before the trial had promised to resign his office and lead the lynch party himself if the accused man was not convicted and promptly hanged.

The hanging seemed likely to take place in the afternoon, and the schedule posed a deadline problem for an enterprising newspaper editor who wanted to print an account in time to get a bundle of papers off that morning to San Francisco. He wrote a lengthy description of the event. A contemporary historian commented: "A few surplus copies (of the newspaper) gave the lynchers a unique opportunity, while watching the stringing up, of comparing the written story with the affair as it actually occurred."

Nearly eighty years later, a mob lynched two kidnapers at San Jose. Gov. James ("Sunny Jim") Rolph, Jr., of California, speaking in the finest tradition of frontier justice, said: "It is the best lesson that California has ever given the country."

Violence often has been officially incited and condoned in California—from the days of the old West to the present. In the 1930s, labor disputes swept California's great agricultural valleys, and law-enforcement agencies incited, supported and took part in vigilante action in behalf of the growers. A. L. Wirin, counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, was having dinner with friends on January 23, 1934, in a hotel in Brawley, Calif. Later that evening, he was to have presided at a public discussion of a lettuce workers' strike in the Imperial Valley. Brawley police had forbidden all strike meetings, but a federal court, in turn, had enjoined the police not to interfere. When a waiter told Wirin he was wanted on the telephone, he went to the hotel lobby, where a dozen American Legionnaires seized him, yanked him outside and shoved him on the floor of a car. A state highway motorcycle officer obligingly cleared the way. They drove Wirin out of town, stopped on the desert, beat him and threatened him with death, then took him to the American Legion hall in nearby El Centro. He was then tied, blindfolded, driven 10 miles from town, and turned loose barefoot on the desert.

In the war year 1943, friction broke out in Los Angeles between young servicemen and the "zoot suiters" of the period. After a zoot-suit gang beat two servicemen, soldiers and sailors on leave decided to retaliate. As one observer said: "The honor of one uniform against the other was held to be at stake." On June 7, several thousand servicemen and sympathetic civilians invaded downtown Los Angeles. The mob crashed into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theatres and dragged zoot suiters into the aisles to beat them. Mobs halted streetcars and pulled Mexicans, Filipinos and Negroes into the street. Those wearing zoot suits were stripped and left naked or half-naked, bleeding and bruised, surrounded by jeering civilians. That night the mob swept into the Mexican community in east Los Angeles, spreading terror and violence. Boys as young as 12 were stripped and beaten. A gang grabbed a Negro defense worker from a streetcar and gouged out one of his eyes with a knife. At midnight, military authorities declared the downtown area out of bounds for uniformed personnel and sent in MPs and Shore Patrol.

A Los Angeles county supervisor afterward said: "All that is needed to end lawlessness is more of the same action as is being exercised by the servicemen." A suburban newspaper regretted the end of the riots and commented: "Most of the citizens of the city have been delighted with what has been going on." A district attorney of an adjacent county, fishing outside his area for headlines, said "zoot suits are an open indication of subversive character."

Hostility between the police and the minority groups is persistent and increasingly dangerous in every large American city. In Los Angeles, the police are well trained, efficient—and aggressive. This was a pattern established by the late Chief W. H. Parker, who had little understanding of minority group problems. Referring once to the difficulties of law enforcement in the Mexican community of Los Angeles, he said that some Mexicans "were not too far removed from the wild tribes of the inner mountains of Mexico."

Minorities, especially the Negroes of the Watts ghetto in south central Los Angeles, feared and hated Parker's police. Policemen often treat minority communities like colonial territories, and citizens feel they have little or no protection from police brutality. Last spring, a Mexican youth died after his arrest in Los Angeles, and the police reported the death was caused by a heart attack. An autopsy disclosed the victim died of a ruptured spleen, but the coroner's jury routinely returned a verdict of accidental homicide.

Public officials almost automatically side with the police in behalf of "law and order," even when the lawless happen to be the police. After the Los Angeles peace march broke up in a wild melee during President Johnson's visit to the city on June 23, a Los Angeles City Council member urged his colleagues to support the police—"right or wrong." A divided council did vote to support the police—and hold an investigation later.

The June 23 peace march was a classic of officially incited and condoned violence. Weeks earlier, Mayor Sam Yorty inflamed the community by denouncing the coming demonstration as Communist inspired. Directors of the California Democratic Council accused him of "making repeated public reference to impending violence in order to create justification for police repression." The 10,000 to 15,000 paraders had committed no overt act of hostility or violence up to the time the police made their club-swinging assault to disperse the crowd. Mayor Yorty commended the police for making the President's visit "safe and enjoyable," and Gov. Ronald Reagan thought "the police did not use excessive brutality." Chief Tom Reddin complimented himself on the dispersal tactics: "It was a beautiful plan and well executed."

The news media, with some exceptions, went along with the official line. The *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* reported the police acted "to break up the milling, screaming throng," although the crowd did not become a "milling, screaming throng" until after the police charged into its ranks. As one foreign journal observed, the police, not the marchers, rioted. The next day, the *Los Angeles Times* concluded one of its reports with the words of a photographer: "These people were like animals. All I can say is that the Los Angeles Police Department did one hell of a job." That was not the way a dozen *Times* reporters saw the event. They quietly rioted themselves against their editors, asserting their reports were changed to distort the facts and to favor the police. A week later, the *Times* reversed itself and published an even-handed review of the demonstration. Its revised coverage quoted a demonstrator: "All the violence was initiated by the police."

Many newspapers, especially the hyperthyroid press of Southern California, react automatically to any disturbance with the charge that it is caused by Communist conspirators. During the insurrection in Detroit, the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* predictably published a cartoon showing the shadowy, scowling figure of a white man, one arm bearing a hammer and sickle insignia, leaning over a black sniper shooting through a window. An advertisement carried by the *Herald-Examiner* the previous day was far more interesting than the cartoon. Appearing opposite a half page of pictures showing the havoc in Detroit, the ad featured, at a bargain $25.95, "SNIPER RIFLES. Rugged, accurate, precision made."

NEWARK

Lethal Indifference

LEWIS M. MOROZE

Mr. Moroze, a white resident in the ghetto of Newark, is a schoolteacher who has been involved for more than twenty years in civil rights movements of New Jersey. He is the representative of the New Jersey Political Alliance for Peace and Human Rights on the Newark Committee of Concern.

The Statue of Liberty stands majestically in New York harbor; at her back stands the city of Newark, to which came masses of black Southerners, yearning to be free. Now a majority of the population, they are determined to make their dreams a reality.

In this setting Mayor Addonizio's administration made all major decisions without regard to the desires of the black people. Their demands were totally ignored, their leaders held in contempt. Knowledgeable black and white leaders sounded a warning, which was sharpened by the selection of Newark as the site for the national conference on Black Power.

Sensing the indifference of the city administration, the Birchites, too, focused on Newark, planning to welcome the arch-symbol of racism in our land, ex-Governor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wallace. Black insistance forced cancellation of the affair.

The white community, uninformed by either their schooling or the mass media about the history and life of the black people, little understand ghetto realities.

Hugh Addonizio, a politician refusing to share power with the majority of the population, ill informed about the needs of the people in the ghetto, was apparently unaware of the coming fury. Most recently he refused to guarantee homes for the tens of thousands to be made homeless by the erection of a medical school on 150 acres in the ghetto. Addonizio returned to Washington $1.9 million allotted for education at a time when the Newark schools, whose student body is 76 per cent nonwhite, need massive assistance. He rejected a highly qualified black accountant for the post of secretary to the Board of Education, and failed to respond to pleas for a Civilian Review Board to deal with complaints against the police.

Today the world knows of the July rebellion in Newark. White people talk about violence, about the violence of the black ghetto. At the height of the crisis, concerned white and black leaders dealt directly with the Governor and started to prepare a program to deal with basic solutions. At the same time a group of peace and human rights advocates, under the leadership of David Frost, paid for a half-page appeal in the July 18 issue of the *Newark Evening News*, urging the entire white community to focus on the roots of the crisis. But the majority of white people still focused on the need for "law and order." Did not the black community perpetrate violence against "law and order" and the Newark police?

The U.S. Civil Rights Commission reported in 1961:

> In 1931 President Hoover's Wickersham Committee found extensive evidence of police lawlessness including unjustified violence. Sixteen years later another Presidential Committee, this one appointed by President Truman, concluded that police brutality, especially against the unpopular, the weak and the defenseless was a distressing problem. And now in 1961 this Commission must report that police brutality is still a serious problem throughout the United States.

Inaction typified Newark on this "distressing problem." In 1952 a petition was presented to Governor Driscoll listing acts of brutality and murder by the police in Newark and elsewhere. The Governor ignored the request for study and action. Driscoll was the governor who rejected pleas from around the world to free the Trenton Six, six black men framed on a murder charge. Today, Driscoll is on Governor Hughes's Blue Ribbon Panel to investigate the riots.

During the July rebellion sixty prominent black and white businessmen, educators, lawyers, ministers and priests, social workers, civic and ghetto leaders came together to deal with the unfolding crisis. Their representatives prevailed upon the Governor to withdraw the state police and the National Guard. This "Committee of Concern" estimated that:

> . . . The crisis could not be solved unless military and excessive police forces were withdrawn. Most persons in intimate contact with the riot-torn area today have been persuaded that it was the very presence of the show of armed strength which was causing much of the remaining violence. . . . Indeed, the armed forces and the military have themselves been guilty of wholesale and needless destruction of property and have in fact threatened the lives of responsible members of the community.

It took great persuasion by the committee to get the Governor, at his command post at the Roseville Armory, to comment on the wanton acts of the forces of "law and order" and about white vigilantes roaming armed through the ghetto, while black residents were harassed at check points.

At this writing, with the rebellion past, Newark's forces of "law and order" ride through the ghetto with rifles protruding from their cars. For "fun" some place pistols to the temples of black youth, forcing them to mouth foul epithets about themselves, their parents and their people. For even greater "fun" some police pull the trigger, knowing the barrel is empty.

Black people know that violence of the forces of "law and order" is the reality of life. When it was proposed that it might be wise for the Committee of Concern to handle the matter of police practices (the euphemism for police brutality) delicately in order to guarantee the support of the business community in the campaign for jobs, housing and schools, the thinking of the black spokesmen forced a change in position. For them all talk of progress was meaningless without sharp action on police brutality.

The Mayor, who viewed the beginning of the rebellion as an "isolated incident," still views it as a "criminal insurrection." He insists that his conduct was exemplary and would repeat everything he did during his term of office over again if necessary. In one instance, when a report indicated restlessness, he no longer listened to its source, but to his chief adviser, Malafronte, who is held in disrepute by the people of the ghetto. To the new and rising leaders of the black people Addonizio made no concessions, evidently considering them as noisy and irritating but politically impotent.

The people in the streets drank in the significance of Addonizio's refusal to heed the leaders of CORE, The Organization of Negro Educators, the Newark Committee for Better Public Schools and others.

Police brutality, combined with official indifference and contempt for the leaders of the ghetto, were the combustibles which ignited. The first attack was leveled at the immediate center of oppression—the 4th Police Precinct. Black leaders rushed to the area to ask the people to cool it. It seemed that they might succeed until it was learned that these leaders, including Oliver Lofton, head of legal services for the anti-poverty program, and Robert Curvin, leader of CORE, were not permitted to assist the people under arrest, on whom beatings and indignities were being inflicted. Frustration now spilled over to the next most visible symbol of oppression in the ghetto—white businesses.

During the riots snipers appeared, shooting more to harass than to kill; they shot at the hated policemen, but firemen were also targets, guaranteeing the burning of the two symbols of their degradation—white businesses and rat-infested tenements. The police failed in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all their attempts to have these snipers betrayed.

Governor Hughes, National Chairman of the Democratic Party's Committee on Equal Rights, still views the rebellion narrowly as a police question. The Blue Ribbon Panel that he has appointed to study the situation includes members who came under fierce attack as biased by the New Jersey branches of the NAACP.

Addonizio invited the House Labor and Education Committee to Newark to investigate the Newark anti-poverty program since it is alleged that remarks made by some of its personnel "triggered the riots."

As it stands today, except for use of state police and National Guardsmen during the rebellion, no arm of government has taken even one step to deal with the real causes. The actions of Congress, the Governor, the Mayor and the police serve as continuing irritants.

Responsible black leaders are attempting to raise $260,000 for the "slain twenty-six black warriors" for freedom. They are mapping political campaigns for change, including a petition to recall Mayor Addonizio, calling on white community leaders for support.

The Committee of Concern is developing a program on police practices, jobs, housing and schools. It still does not appreciate with sufficient depth the need to bring clarity to Newark's white people, many of whom are now living in fear. Their failure to comprehend reality now means racism will take deeper root.

If the government agencies persist in their present course, if the black and white constructive forces fail to win meaningful gains, the fires next time will be of more massive proportions.

EAST HARLEM

'Do Not Cross, Flatfoot!'

BENNETT KREMEN

Mr. Kremen, a free-lance writer, has been a teacher and social worker in East Harlem.

Helmeted policemen battling mobs in a din of exploding Molotov cocktails and sniper fire on a Manhattan thoroughfare was not what was extraordinary about the riots in El Barrio, New York City's Spanish-speaking East Harlem: what seemed surprising, after studying the lines of grim, pale-faced policemen guarding Third Avenue like foreign troops, was that similar melees haven't shattered this neighborhood many times in past years and that now, with the rebellion over, only three are dead and thirty injured. As I stood on piles of broken glass in front of vandalized store fronts, this feeling of surprise was reinforced by an incident I remembered.

A few years ago I joined a friend who was moving his furniture; aiding us were three Puerto Rican men from East Harlem we'd hired. After they loaded our truck, we paid the men and, as an afterthought, gave them an old television set that needed repairs. Smiling at this windfall, the men headed home, lugging the heavy television set with them. But before ten minutes had passed, a patrol car pulled up with the television set and the three men in the back seat. We assured the policemen that the three Puerto Ricans were not thieves, and again the men headed home. This time fifteen minutes passed before another squad car brought the men back. We wrote a note now indicating that the television set was not stolen but the property of the possessors. Nonetheless, only a few minutes went by before a third police car brought them back. My friend got angry, as I did; and if we didn't curse the policemen outright, we came close to it. Only later did we realize that it should have been the three Puerto Rican men who challenged the cops, not us. But, of course, lacking our white faces, middle-class property and college-educated speech to aid them in confronting this abuse of the law, the three men simply sat in the back of the police car—angry, suspicious, silent and ashamed. It was no shock then to find out that on the third, final and fiercest night of the East Harlem riots, the word went out: "Get a cop!"

El Barrio's anti-police convulsion began typically with an officer shooting a knife-wielding suspect to death, an angry crowd gathering in protest, and then the inevitable barrage of flying soda bottles and rocks directed at police reinforcements. That Saturday night, July 22, was humid and hot; people escaped their stifling tenement apartments by milling about outdoors or sitting on stoops drinking beer. And when the rumor raged through the crowded streets that a cop had killed a Puerto Rican *por nada*—for nothing—the recent example of Newark, studied in detail by the television-addicted inhabitants of El Barrio, added boldness to the neighborhood's fury and presented a challenge to the *corazon*—the manly heart and combative spirit—of the Puerto Rican youth, a challenge they embraced with determination.

As youthful mobs formed early Sunday morning on the corner of 111th Street and Third Avenue, the site of the fatal shooting, a comment frequently heard in the crowd was: "Those colored cats ain't got more heart than we got!" When the riot finally broke loose that first night, it was no sympathetic demonstration for the nation's embattled Negroes—a group with whom the Puerto Ricans are often in conflict—but a long-awaited moment for settling scores that the parents of El Barrio's youth had always been willing to forget or bear with humiliation. Thus, despite the fact that a sizable percentage of East Harlem is Negro, almost no Negroes participated in the violence, a situation that had been duplicated in reverse in 1964 when Central Harlem battled the police and East Harlem stayed calm.

Unlike riots in other cities, little looting or burning took place in El Barrio. The fact that mostly teen-agers and only a few adults participated in the more ferocious encounters can be explained by a theory that civil rights confrontations have given violence-prone youth in the ghettos a sense of solidarity with those in their neighborhoods they might have attacked, by setting up the concept of the *white power structure*, a new target at which to aim hostility. On Sunday, when the second night of battling was boldly launched by teen-agers and

(*Continued on page 126*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SACCO-VANZETTI: A MEMOIR

ALDINO FELICANI

Aldino Felicani was born in 1891 in a country town near Florence, and trained at the Modern School print shop in Bologna. There, collaborating on the radical newspapers that were printed in the shop, he absorbed those libertarian ideas that shaped and guided his entire life.

In 1941, he faced jail on political charges and fled Italy for America, settling first in Cleveland, where he founded two papers, then moving to New York and in 1918 accepting employment at La Notizia, *a new Italian language daily in Boston. From that time on, Boston was his home.*

In 1919, Felicani was making plans for a paper with some of his Massachusetts friends. One of them was an itinerant laborer and fish peddler from Plymouth—Bartolomeo Vanzetti. When in April of that year two New York anarchists, Salsedo and Elia, were arrested by the Justice Department (this was the era of the Palmer Raids), Vanzetti was sent to that city to investigate. On May 2, he called a meeting in Boston to discuss what little he had learned. The next day Salsedo's body was found on the street below the Justice Department offices, where it had fallen from the fourteenth floor, and in Massachusetts the anarchists decided to take precautions. On May 5, Sacco and Vanzetti, while spreading the alarm, were arrested on a murder charge in Brockton.

Well prepared both by experience and by temperament, Felicani leaped to the task of founding the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee on the 6th of May. He was given whatever space he needed in the columns of La Notizia *to publicize the arrests and to make appeals for a defense fund. The paper also allowed Felicani to use its address, and for six to eight months No. 32 Battery Street in the North End became the defense headquarters.*

Before the close of 1920, Feliciani was publishing a small newspaper in Italian, The Agitation, *which for five years was the Defense Committee's official organ. It was devoted entirely to Sacco-Vanzetti news and for a period appeared every two weeks.*

But in addition to founding the defense and acting as its chief publicist and treasurer, Felicani made another unique contribution to the Sacco-Vanzetti cause. It was he who was called upon constantly to put himself in the middle between his own element, a group of intransigent Italian anarchists and revolutionists, and a battery of increasingly conservative lawyers. Making adjustments, tseeking delicate balances, he was yet watchful always to remain true to his own and Sacco and Vanzetti's anarchist idealism. Seeking a way between those militant labor groups who were convinced, often to the point of bombast, that only the proletariat could save Sacco and Vanzetti, and the liberal intellectuals who believed in the judicial process and such well-placed men as the Governor of Massachusetts and the president of Harvard, was no easy course.

Felicani was young and by nature headstrong, fiery sure. But he had his own good sense to guide him, and he also had good sense about the people around him. More, he never lost the faith and trust of Sacco and Vanzetti themselves. And so in the hardest of times, when legal proceedings were at a standstill, when funds were practically nonexistent, when pressures from the variety of bitterly conflicting elements threatened to undo all the good work of many years, there Felicani stood—often by sheer will alone—holding together the defense. And by so doing, he held together for all time the integrity of the two anarchists who were executed.

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

Sacco and Vanzetti were to die on August 10, 1927. As spokesman for their families and for the defense committee, and as their closest friend, I was to break the news to them in the Charlestown death house, my visit for the purpose to be on August 4. Thirteen days previously Gov. Alvan T. Fuller, before giving his decision, went to see the men in Cherry Hill, the death house antechamber.

From Vanzetti and Sacco I learned what had taken place when the Governor visited them. Sacco refused to shake Fuller's hand. To Sacco it was the war of classes: Fuller the ruling class and he the ruled. Sacco was a man who acknowledged cold fact, who faced inescapable realities. He had nothing to ask of Fuller—he wanted no favor—and refused to talk.

But Vanzetti, the more sociable of the two, sat down with the Governor. He went over the whole case from the moment of the arrest to the discussion of the last motion. Vanzetti related the story of his life of work and suffering. He pointed out the false testimony of Carlos Goodridge, who had taken the stand while under indictment for larceny, and of Lola Andrews, a prostitute—both of whom later recanted. The Governor chatted sympathetically with Vanzetti for more than an hour. The press treated the meeting as an extraordinary event.

On the morning after Fuller's visit, when I went to see Vanzetti he told me excitedly: "Fuller came to see us yesterday. We had a long conversation. He was very cordial and friendly. He sat down and talked to me like a brother, smiling and joking. That man will never send us to the chair." Vanzetti was cheerful, overjoyed.

"I don't know," was my reply. I tried to warn Vanzetti, to destroy his optimism, for everything indicated that the worst was coming. I did not want him to think he was in paradise when actually he was in hell.

You may imagine how I felt, as August 4 approached. I had to inform my closest friends that they were to die in a few days. One cannot find words, sentences, to convey a message of that kind. Emotion suffocated me, perhaps more than it did them. From time to time during the seven years, we had to face situations which enraged the two men even more than usual. They would then call for action, more action, and the more violent the better. I had tried to hold them down. Remembering those moments, I felt a sense of guilt. Here we were near the end. Only a few days separated us from the greatest miscarriage of justice of the century. Two innocent men were going to die in the electric chair because of their open profession of anarchism. My heart was in turmoil, my brain feverish. I finally related to them that they were going to die.

Vanzetti took it very hard. He looked at me for some minutes with his eyes growing larger and larger, as if losing his mind. He would not believe it. The illusory

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effect of the Governor's visit kept him from realizing that this was the end.

Sacco was not surprised at all. He accepted the outcome as part of the revolutionist's struggle against the ruling class. He had only one regret—not being on the outside to express his feelings with action. Sacco accepted the closing of the fight, and of his life, as a logical conclusion of his activity in serving the struggle against capitalist oppression. Nevertheless they were both stunned and speechless. I conveyed then the idea that this was the time to send out a strong message to our friends in every corner of the earth. My frame of mind in that moment was for vengeance. I felt that no action was too violent to protest this crime. And I actually suggested the statements which each of them drafted. Vanzetti, in a large, faltering hand, wrote:

August 4, 1927
From the death house

Governor Alvan T. Fuller is a murderer as Thayer, Katzmann, the State perjurors and all the other(s). He s(h)ake hand(s) with me like a brother, make me believe he was honestly interested and that he had not seen the three carbarn-boy(s) to have no escuse to save us.

Now, ignoring and denia all the proofs of our innocence and insult us and murder us. We are innocent.

This is the war of plutocracy against liberty, against the people. Avenge our blood. We die for anarc(h)y. Long life anarc(h)y.

Bartolomeo Vanzetti

Mr. William G. Thompson, chief counsel for the defense, had accompanied me to the death house. He remained talking with Mr. Hogsett, the assistant warden, in the room that housed the electric chair. I had gone inside to the narrow room with the three cells. As Nick and Barto were writing, I spoke to Madeiros who was in the third cell. I had never seen him before but felt the urge to say something to him. He also was going to die in the chair. Madeiros said to me: "Too bad for them. Me, I'm a criminal anyhow; I have a long record. But them—it's a shame for them." Even he, a habitual killer, could not conceal concern and sympathy for the two men he knew were innocent and had to face death.

Finally I had the two messages. Mr. Hogsett was still talking to Mr. Thompson and saw me with the papers in my hand. I gave them to him to read.

Mr. Hogsett blue-penciled three words in the statement by Vanzetti: "Avenge our blood." The assistant warden asked me, "What do you intend to do with these?" "Nothing much," I assured him. But I knew what I was going to do with them. I was just waiting to get outside to give the two statements to the press. Mr. Hogsett may have suspected my intention, for he made me promise, in the presence of Mr. Thompson, not to publish the messages. I did not hesitate to promise. Immediately back at committee headquarters I showed the statements to waiting newspaper men. They were hungry to publish those last words, the intimate feelings of the two men who were going to die. The next day the papers were filled with facsimiles and editorial comment.

All during the previous month, whenever I saw Nick and Barto, I had been admitted without counsel. Guards would open the door and lead me to the prisoners. After publication of those messages, however, I found them very angry with me at the jail. So angry that they actually locked me in a room.

"What's this?" I asked.

"You broke your word," was the answer. "You promised not to publish those statements and you did. This is breaking the rules. You will not be permitted to see the prisoners any more."

I called Mr. Thompson. He too was furious with me for breaking my promise. I could not help it. I had meant to publish those last words all the time. It was I who suggested them. It was my hope that those messages would prompt people to action—any action. But from that moment on I was barred from the death house and never again saw my friends alive.

All legal assistance by this time had been narrowed down to technicalities. On August 6 a motion was filed for revocation of sentence. Also that day a petition was filed for a writ of error. August 8 both the motion and the petition were denied. On the 10th a petition for writ of *habeas corpus* was denied by Justice Oliver Holmes of the United States Supreme Court and Justice George W. Anderson of the United States District Court. There was no other door for Mr. Thompson to try. In desperation he resigned, leaving Arthur D. Hill in charge of defense. Assisting Mr. Hill were Herbert Ehrmann and a young Italian lawyer from Pittsburgh, Michael Angelo Musmanno. The Governor, in order to create an impression of fairness, accorded the lawyers additional time for making further appeals to high courts. Then at 11:15 P.M. on August 10 he granted a twelve-day reprieve.

Vanzetti had talked to me about having his sister Luigia visit him before he died. Now the time of Miss Vanzetti's arrival was near. It was up to me to make prep-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arations for her first visit to her brother in jail. I went to see William A. Hendry, who was chief warden at the Charlestown prison and who had always been cordial and sympathetic.

"It's unfortunate that I broke the rules," I said to Mr. Hendry, "but you understand these things. We are all human. We all have emotions. I am very sorry I can't see them again. Now, I have one favor to ask you."

"What is it?"

"When Miss Vanzetti comes—Vanzetti's sister—please open the door of the cell. Let them embrace as human beings. Don't allow any barrier between them."

"That is against the rule," he said. "I can't do anything about it. It is simply against the rule."

"Now put yourself in their position," I said. "Vanzetti hasn't seen his sister for twenty or twenty-five years. She has come 4,000 miles to see him die. Please allow them to meet as human beings."

"It is against the law. I can't do anything about it."

But he did. He made no promise, but when Miss Vanzetti reached the death cell on her first visit, he opened the door and let them be together without bars between.

Preparations for Luigia Vanzetti's visit had begun months before. Vanzetti wanted to see his sister and he wanted me to arrange her trip. She lived in Italy with her father and sister in the town of Villafalletto, near Cuneo.

It was difficult to refuse Vanzetti anything. This time, however, I was against the idea and tried to dissuade him. I said, "You have no right to ask another human being to come and see you die in the electric chair." But Vanzetti was of a different opinion. Finally, through some other member of the committee, he arranged for his sister to come. Fortunately for me, I had nothing to do with it. I did not want that visit on my conscience.

A few days later, he said: "You were right about my sister. The more I think about it, the more I realize how wrong I was. I do not want her to come. Cancel the trip."

But Miss Vanzetti had already left Italy. The newspapers were full of the details of her journey. She was already in Paris, where tens of thousands of workers received her, demonstrating in the streets with banners. Photographs were already published in the American press. It was too late to stop the trip.

Vanzetti had told me that his sister was very religious, a Roman Catholic. Of course, I had to promise him that I would go to New York to meet her at the boat. Together with Rosa Sacco, Jessica Henderson, who took us in her car, and Mrs. Henderson's young daughter, we went to meet Luigia Vanzetti.

The dock was crowded; people were everywhere. Several hundred New Yorkers were waiting anxiously to greet Vanzetti's sister. A whole army of newspaper men was also on hand, looking for interviews, hoping for a statement. Luigia Vanzetti finally appeared—a pathetic person, tired, discouraged, bewildered and lost. She was a true expression of grief. The first impression she made on us was that of an intelligent, reserved person, predominated by fear. The flash guns of the photographers were going full speed. Rosa Sacco and Luigia Vanzetti were surrounded. Common people, women—old and young—brought flowers and presents and kisses and warmth to the young wife and sister who would soon be cut off from members of their family by the cruelty of the law and the insanity of men.

When we reached the streets the newspaper headlines read: SACCO-VANZETTI TO DIE MONDAY NIGHT. Luigia Vanzetti did not understand a word of English. The gigantic headlines of the New York papers, however, did not require interpretation. Most of them had pictures covering the front pages. A sense of tragedy was everywhere. It was possible to see it, not only on those headline pages but on the faces of simple working people.

That was Friday. Only three days left. A situation of this type does not help one's ability to concentrate and to think straight. Nor is there need to say that we, and the people who followed our group, were full of emotions. I was anxious to rush back to Boston for last-minute contact. It was necessary to keep posted our closest friends in this country and throughout the world. We did not know what else to do. The only hope left was to arouse people to acts of desperation and protest.

After a brief rest in a New York hotel, we rushed Luigia Vanzetti to the radio station dedicated to Debs, where she delivered a few words to the people of America. It was a message of salutation and of appeal. Ironically we were accompanied about the city, as is customary on the occasions of the visits of important people, by what was then known as the bomb squad—part of the police force.

Luigia Vanzetti was lost in the tragedy. As one could expect, she understood very little of what had happened to her brother. Her mind was predominated by religious beliefs. To her the whole affair was a nightmare. In her statement to the press she said she hoped that her brother would return to the faith of his childhood—before he left home and became an atheist and a radical.

So it was up to me to prepare her for the end. On the way from New York to Boston I did my best to make her understand. It was not an easy job, as one can judge. I mentioned what had happened immediately after World War I. To simplify the picture, I told her how Sacco and Vanzetti had escaped to Mexico in order not to participate in the war. In chronological sequence I related how nationalistic elements had resorted to violent outbursts against the more active labor organizations which opposed the war. I told her how union headquarters were destroyed, how labor organizers were killed by mobs. I told her of the mass arrests of people everywhere in the United States during the so-called Palmer hysteria. Because it was something similar to what happened in Italy during the first years of Fascist terror, she began to see light.

But Luigia Vanzetti was naive, ingenuous. She thought that by coming to this country and pleading with certain pillars of the Church she could disarm the law. She was not alone in this way of thinking. Other people thought that the intervention of the Vatican would stop the hangman. Few of them realized that the authority of the state would not kneel to any other power.

When we got back to Boston it was Saturday morning. After a few hours' rest we went to the jail. We had to think what to do now that Luigia was here. I thought the proper and logical thing was to take her to see

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Cardinal O'Connell, who was then a powerful man in the Church in Boston.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Sacco, Miss Vanzetti and I went to Cardinal O'Connell's home. We had not made an appointment. I stayed in the car because I had nothing to say. Rosa Sacco stayed with me. Miss Vanzetti and Mrs. Henderson went in. The Cardinal was able to speak Italian and Miss Vanzetti expressed herself in Italian very well. The visit lasted for some time. As can be imagined, Luigia used all the fervor and intelligence she could command to reach the heart of the prelate. The press considered this visit not only a nice gesture but an important one. I knew that it would not amount to anything. But it made Miss Vanzetti happy because she felt is was part of her mission and a contribution in the effort to save her brother. The papers said later Luigia's meeting with the Cardinal was very moving.

At defense committee headquarters Mary Donovan, Gardner Jackson, Joe Moro and others did not have a free moment. Writers, speakers, students, friends, arrived every minute from far and near. They all wanted to be of some help. Protest meetings were organized all over the city. Where it was not possible to secure public halls, private halls were used, such as churches and union headquarters.

I really can't describe the commotion during those few days before the execution. We had messengers from Western Union and Postal Telegraph all the time. We had calls from South Africa, Russia, South America, England, Germany, France, Spain. Labor organizations, liberal groups, political parties, religious associations, sent wires. Also the most prominent people in public life in every country of the world sent messages, asking for words of reassurance and hope. We heard from Maurice Thorez, who was one of the biggest lawyers in France, a radical and later leader of the French Communist Party: "If I can be of any help, I'll come." Anatole France, Madame Severine, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, Harold Laski, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Fritz Kreisler, Maximilian Harden, Albert Einstein, Madame Curie, Marquis Guy de Lasteye (grandson of Lafayette), all sent words of sympathy and protest. We even had a message from Albert Dreyfus. He had been through hell himself, knew what it was like, and asked if he could help. They were all messages written with the burning feelings which consumed everyone—"If we can help, let us know."

The remembrance of that tremendous wave of human passion will live forever. For those involved in the fight to prevent this tragedy, it made life significant indeed. We were really caught in a trap and there was nothing we could do about it. But people were wonderful.

Now the death house was the only reality. On Monday night, the 22nd of August, Sacco and Vanzetti would die in the electric chair. There were few things left for us to do. The committee offices at 256 Hanover Street were a madhouse. It was a gathering of men and women with deep emotional feelings—resentment, sadness, despair. People coming and going continuously. Telegrams were piling up. The world was waiting with anxiety for news. The telephone constantly rang. There were calls from all over America—from Pittsburgh and San Francisco, from New York and Chicago, from Detroit and Washington. In one day alone we spent $860 for telegrams in order to keep people posted. We desperately urged our friends to do whatever they could. We asked for action. Action was our only hope for snatching our friends from the hands of the hangman. All legal hope was exhausted. In the large industrial centers of America workers laid down their tools, proclaiming a general strike. Individuals resorted to acts of desperation and terror.

In the turmoil of the closing tragedy we also had to fulfill certain legal obligations. The bodies of persons who die in the electric chair must be claimed in advance by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

representatives of their family. This was my responsibility.

At about six o'clock on that last evening, the 22nd of August, Gardner Jackson and his sister, Dr. Edith Jackson, accompanied me to the jail. The whole city was an armed camp. Citizens going about their affairs were stopped and questioned. Those who protested were arrested all over the city. No one was permitted within sight of the prison walls. As the news of world protest increased, fear increased in the men who pretended to administer the law. Machine guns were placed along the prison walls. Later powerful lights were to search over roofs and in the dark corners of yards and streets. It seemed the whole city was in the grip of death. Armed horsemen were stationed along the streets to the prison. Outside the jail's main gate was a cordon of mounted troopers. They appeared calm and erect and perfect on their beautiful animals. They were armed, ready for any emergency. Along the streets were other horses and riders. Those were probably the same horses that had been used on previous Sundays to break up the meetings we called on Boston Common to voice our protests.

My heart was beating fast. The trip from committee headquarters to the jail was made in silence. One of those times when there is no need for words. Our emotions dominated everything. The silence was broken by the echoing hoofbeats of the horses on the wooden bridge facing the jail. In the long silence of the journey one saw the tremendous contrast: in every city of the world the multitudes clamored and thundered, "Save Sacco and Vanzetti!" while in Charlestown the only preoccupation was the preparation for the killing of the two dreamers of the brotherhood of man.

We reached the jail. The atmosphere that prevailed was suspense and fear. The large windows around the prison walls were lighted. Inmates appeared to be watching in the shadows. There was a depressing silence all around. The restlessness of the prisoners was evident. Everyone, at the entrance, in the lobby, in the office, was busy with the details of the execution.

I entered the office. The warden, Mr. Hendry, was there. He was drunk. I asked him what the procedure was and he gave me the papers to sign.

It was in such a manner that I claimed the bodies of my friends, who were then still alive.

BEGINNINGS OF WISDOM

WOODY KLEIN

Mr. Klein is Assistant Administrator of New York City's new Housing and Development Administration. A former award-winning newspaper man who specialized in housing and urban affairs, he served as Mayor Lindsay's press secretary in 1966. He wrote a book on slums, Let In the Sun *(Macmillan).*

"We are reaping a whirlwind of violence throughout the nation, indicating that our programs have not gone to the heart of the basic problem." —*Sen. Abraham Ribicoff*

It is apparent from the blowups in the ghettos this summer—in Detroit, Newark, Boston, Cincinnati, Hartford, Atlanta, New York and many other cities—that the United States still does not have a firm grip on the urban crisis. A recent Lou Harris poll disclosed that one out of every two metropolitan area residents feels a sense of "uneasiness" about his personal safety and the prospect of racial violence. What's worse, the impatience of Negroes and the resistance of whites are forming a tinderbox for more racial flare-ups.

The racial issue is only one of many involved in the complicated crisis of America's cities, but most observers agree it is at the root of the generations-old social problems. It is certainly on the minds of officials this summer in all levels of government, and has been the catalyst for all of the significant social legislation since 1961.

"We very often get the impression that what is wrong with the American city is the Negro, when the reverse is true. What is wrong with the Negro is what we Americans have done to the American city." Ralph Ellison, author of *The Invisible Man,* made this remark recently in his testimony before the Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization of the Senate Committee on Government Operations, better known as the Ribicoff Committee, and chaired by the knowledgeable Democratic Senator from Connecticut. The subcommittee has been holding hearings on the problems of American cities since last August 9; the Senator says they could last for two years.

Some Washington newsmen who have sat through much of the 4,000 pages of testimony from more than 100 witnesses report that, although some new ideas have come out of the inquiry, the overwhelming impression thus far is one of pessimism and despair. Ribicoff, a serious, probing man, has made the purpose of his hearings clear. He eventually wants legislation which will improve markedly the structure and operation of the federal government so it can do more—a lot more—to save the nation's cities. At the outset, he said flatly: "We don't know enough about the problems and we know even less about the solutions." This kind of frankness has been typical of the comments of both the subcommittee members and the witnesses.

Many of the subcommittee members showed astonishment, for example, at the cynicism of most ghetto residents. The distrust and anger that seems to have permeated the minds of even the most innocent of ghetto victims is summarized best, perhaps, by a true story which Bayard Rustin told the panel of Senators last December. Rustin was describing how he and Martin Luther King had gone to Watts after the riots to offer help:

> A young man stood up and told about his group's manifesto, and, quite unsuspectingly, I asked him if I might see a copy of this manifesto, whereupon he took out of his pocket a box of matches, lit one, held it up and said:
>
> *That is our manifesto, burn, baby, burn.*
>
> When we said to him, "But young man, what have you gained by this?" he said:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We asked the mayor to come and talk with us, and he would not come. We asked the governor to come, and he would not come. We asked the chief of police to come, and he would not come. But after we issued our manifesto, they all came.

Then he whispered and said, sotto voce, but loud enough for all of the young teen-agers to hear:

And when you and Dr. King go out in the street, you better be careful, because they sent us so many damn sociologists, baby, so many economists, so many social workers, if you and King aren't careful, you will trip over them on the street.

This is only a tiny segment of the vital drama which is unfolding in hearings which some observers think could be as significant as the Wagner labor relations hearings some thirty years ago. Senators Ribicoff, Robert F. Kennedy and Jacob K. Javits, the principals in the inquiry, are articulate salesmen for the American city. They have brought before the public, perhaps more than any series of television documentaries ever could, the incredibly frightening conditions which exist in most American cities—the violence and race hatred, crime, slums, poor education, unemployment, narcotics, all of the ugliness and decay. The result thus far: a vivid picture of our urban afflictions.

An impressive parade of witnesses have poured out their minds and hearts to the nine-man subcommittee. Big-city mayors such as John Lindsay of New York, Richard Lee of New Haven, Jerome Cavanagh of Detroit and Samuel Yorty of Los Angeles; Cabinet Secretaries such as Robert C. Weaver of the Housing and Urban Development Department (HUD), Willard Wirtz of Labor and Sargent Shriver of the Office of Economic Opportunity; bankers such as David Rockefeller; civil rights leaders Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, Bayard Rustin, Martin Luther King, Floyd McKissick; authors Budd Schulberg, Ralph Ellison, Claude Brown, Harry Golden; educator Dr. James M. Hester of New York University —and many others, including slum residents and slum landlords. The Ribicoff hearings have dealt with everything from economics to philosophy in an attempt to pinpoint the problems and assess the blame. No one is being spared, even the Congress itself. "If there is blame to be placed on any branch of government," Ribicoff stated firmly, "it is going to be placed there."

What has the subcommittee learned so far?

First, it has discovered that much lip service has been paid to the concept of joint government-private enterprise projects, but little in this field has been accomplished. Dr. Weaver said bluntly that this much-desired partnership "has only begun to be put to the test." Harry Golden told the subcommittee that what this country needed was a $100-million domestic Marshall Plan for the ghettos with support from business and industry. Fine, replied Senator Kennedy, but "unless you make it attractive to the private enterprise system," he warned, "it seems to me that the program is not going to appropriate the kinds of sums that we are talking about. . . ." A vague COMSAT-type plan for renewal of cities was mentioned and the Percy Plan (Sen. Charles H. Percy, R., Ill.) for a nation-wide, nonprofit corporation was also entered into the record. Still the subcommittee continues to grasp for workable solutions in the private sector.

New York banker David Rockefeller pointed to some scattered urban rehabilitation projects in New York which he called a "task for private enterprise" but conceded it was only a drop in the bucket. Rockefeller's suggestion is a solid one, Joseph Lyford, an urban expert, testified, but unfortunately it was followed in the business community by what Lyford described as a "crashing silence. Private business," he said, "has been essentially reactive. Business complains about rising taxes and the flight of the middle class. Businessmen themselves threaten to move out every time a sales tax is increased. . . . There are no constructive suggestions . . . private interest has not only abdicated, it has actively promoted the decline of the city."

Dr. Hester confirmed this viewpoint in his testimony. "We have a very serious problem," he said, "with which we in education are concerned: I refer to the alienation of many people who should be most deeply involved in the solution of these problems. We have the businessman who makes his money in the city . . . but then returns to the suburbs in the evening and does not include the city in his civic concern."

Second, testimony from a number of expert witnesses led the panel to conclude, at least temporarily, that the welfare system in urban centers is doing more harm than good. "I think that our philosophy in the past has been mistaken," Kennedy said one day last December in the committee hearing. "What we have done really is lived according to the idea that if we keep people alive, and pay them money, then that is going to solve the problem, while in fact it has really made the individual sicker and it has made the city sicker."

Third, there is no national plan today to solve the many crises of the cities, nor is there the money or political commitment to develop such a plan. Roy Wilkins, long-time head of the NAACP, told the subcommittee that "anything less than a national plan to eliminate the glaring inequities suffered by the Negro solely because of skin color will fall short of meeting the needs of our cities." Wilkins said he supported the creation of HUD, rent subsidies, the Demonstration Cities bill (192 cities are now awaiting word from Washington on applications for planning money) and other forward legislation, but he called these programs "the merest beginnings."

A. Philip Randolph expressed it this way to the Senators: "Unless a forthright master plan is executed, one that sees the problem of housing, schools, jobs and the psychology of the ghetto, as a single problem, then this society will have to acknowledge that it is indirectly saying to the young dispossessed in this nation that if they want something, the only way they can get it is not to depend on leaders who are temperate, leaders who advocate nonviolence, but that they must take the law into their own hands. This is a tragedy."

Walter Reuther asked the subcommittee: "Why is it . . . that when the Defense Department officials plan long-range programs . . . Congress is always willing to give them appropriations over a long enough period and with adequate resources? We did the same thing for the space program. But, unfortunately, when you get to housing and urban affairs, Congress to date has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unwilling to provide the long-range financial commitments which are so essential."

Senator Ribicoff agreed: "One of the problems that worries this subcommittee is that we vote billions of dollars and the President sends up to Congress year after year great programs. Call it the New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier or Great Society or what-have-you, they are high-minded and great. We are all for them because we are on the side of the angels, but basically we don't produce the angels."

Fourth, despite the drive to retain the middle class in the heart of our cities, whites continue to move out and Negroes continue to move in. Between 1960 and 1965, Senator Kennedy noted, there was a net decline of 270,000 in the total white population while the Negro population in cities grew by 2 million. The suburbs have gained 9.3 million whites and only 400,000 Negroes in the past five years and the invisible color barrier of the suburbs is as strong as ever.

Fifth, there is a serious communications and understanding gap between the government and the poor. One of the most lively and articulate witnesses, Father Henry J. Browne, president of the Stryckers Bay Neighborhood Council in New York, and a man with a peppery reputation for prodding government officials into action, told the subcommittee last summer: "To my mind the federals avoid the scene in urban renewal like poison. As a matter of fact, we were in this business for three years before we found out where they were. It was always things were being reviewed by the federal people, and this is where the great delay was. We finally found their building and have been descending upon them with regularity ever since." The priest also charged, "I find the social outlook of the bureaucrat, the technocrat, the functionaire is also an obstacle."

Sixth, the widespread belief among whites that the solution to ghetto living is to tear down the ghetto is not at all acceptable to most ghetto residents. Ellison, for example, told the subcommittee: "People want Harlem improved, not torn down. They want Harlem to remain as a base, just as people in their sections want their old blocks to remain as a home base. I think it is just that simple. It is a human reaction, and the only thing that is different is that people in Harlem are usually told that they cannot get out, or if they do get out there is the threat of rioting or threats that their new neighbors will move away from them. That is the difference." Adam Clayton Powell, Harlem's Congressman, said the same thing: "The people of Harlem want a chance to stay in Harlem. It is sort of a mecca, a symbol to black people all over."

Seventh, despite all of the major civil rights legislation which has passed the Congress, the incidence of riots is increasing every year because the Negro's rising expectations are not being met fast enough. In a dialogue with Senator Kennedy, Claude Brown, author of *Manchild in the Promised Land,* declared: "The older [Negro] generation subscribed to the myth that they were inferior and they weren't supposed to get any more than the white society was giving them. This generation doesn't believe it any more. . . . It demands its share, and you know something, Senator, perhaps no one has taken the time to notice it, but the only thing that has brought any meaningful concessions from the white society into Negro communities has been the riots. Nobody knew that Watts existed prior to the Watts riot." Sen. Joseph M. Montoya of New Mexico, a subcommittee member, summarized the dilemma this way: "The crash programs have generated a feeling that we want all this progress tomorrow or tonight. We don't want to wait, and sociologically that is not possible, because we need time, and in order to educate an individual, it takes years. You cannot do it overnight."

Eighth, neither the nation's housing and construction industry nor the government yet have adequate technology to construct the vast amount of housing needed to rebuild the nation's cities, according to Senator Ribicoff. After listening to several witnesses, he termed the industry "the most outmoded we have today, the industry that has kept up less with technological advances."

The Senator outlined the problem this way: between now and the year 2000, the United States must build as many housing units as it built during the first 200 years of its history. It could be a "good business venture for large industry," but most businesses view the job of rebuilding slum sections of a city as one for government. The Senator then stated: "I am convinced that the job can never be done by government alone. We don't have the money, we don't have the knowledge." In this connection, several witnesses urged more practical research in the mass production of economical housing.

Ninth, Congress itself has not yet fully recognized the importance of the cities even though two-thirds of the people now live in urban areas. Sen. Harrison A. Williams, Jr., of New Jersey, said the hearings themselves proved the need for the creation of a permanent Senate Committee on Urban Affairs. "Before the turn of the century," he told the hearing, "200 million Americans will be living in cities and suburbs. These people have finally achieved a voice in the Executive Branch (HUD). They need a voice in Congress. HUD is the only department of government which does not have a corresponding Congressional committee."

Tenth, although there is a difference of opinion on which should get top priority—jobs, education or housing—the majority of Negro spokesmen feel the Congress should stress employment above all other needs. A. Philip Randolph, for example, testified: "The teen-agers who throw the Molotov cocktails, who set stores and houses afire, who turn over automobiles, who create disorder in the streets, and so forth, are unemployed. Teen-agers with jobs don't go around throwing Molotov cocktails in store windows. They don't go around creating disorder, because they don't have the time and they don't have the will, if they have jobs. The primary problem of the teen-ager is employment. When he receives employment, his whole reaction to the American community will change."

How do the Senators feel about the hearings so far? Several have publicly offered their opinions during the proceedings. Said Senator Javits: "We have a big responsibility. It is just as much the duty of this subcommittee to take us [Congress] to task as it is to take the Admin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

istration to task." And Senator Kennedy added: "This is not just a question of putting a lot more funds in and making all this money available. It is also a question of developing programs that have some meaning."

Senator Ribicoff believes the problem goes to the root of American society. He said, "When we ask the question, how is the federal government organized to handle the crisis of our cities, what we are asking is: can Americans live together, constructively in the midst of a revolution in technology and a revolution in human aspirations? This is the most awesome challenge . . . . It forces us to question all our assumptions and all our policies."

CRIME AND POLITICS

GILBERT GEIS

Mr. Geis, professor of sociology at California State College, Los Angeles, is co-author of Man, Crime and Society *(Random House) and editor of* White-Collar Criminal *(Atherton Press).*

There is political capital to be made these days from the subject of crime. President Johnson's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice has just turned in the last of its nine volumes of sophisticated review of the problem, and on the basis of that report the President is lobbying assiduously for passage of his cleverly named Safe Streets and Crime Control legislation. In Detroit, Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh, faced with a recall vote, has been forced to defend himself against accusations that he has been lax in waging war against crime. Ronald Reagan, with an eye cocked to the national mood, is proclaiming perfervidly that he has made life safer for Californians by severely increasing penalties for armed robbery and rape.

There are subtle matters behind the surging national crusade. For one thing, a campaign against murder and robbery represents in many respects a euphemistic camouflage for attacks on Negroes, who commit strikingly more crimes of violence (though almost always against other Negroes) than members of other groups. For another, self-righteous outbursts against criminal violence, if the psychiatrists are correct, provide a release for pent-up feelings of anger and frustration, themselves teetering on the verge of assaultive eruption. The summoning up of the specter of violent crime plays upon fear.

The President's commission, reasonably enough, deplored the presence of criminal violence in our midst. At the same time it took pains to point out that four times as many persons are killed in highway accidents as are murdered, and it suggested with some vehemence that white-collar crimes—such things as tax fraud, price fixing, embezzlement and advertising violations—may cause more serious damage than the total of crimes of violence. White-collar crime, it was noted, not only costs billions of dollars but threatens the integrity of the society, destroying citizens' faith in their institutions.

The commission then moved gingerly into the main battle arena, first pointing out that "the risk of serious attack from spouses, family members, friends, or acquaintances is almost twice as great as it is from strangers on the street." It came thus to the core matter, suggesting that statistics regarding crimes of violence in the United States are highly suspect, even when viewed on a short-run basis, and notoriously so when surveyed over a period of decades or through generations.

A review of robberies reported from New York and from Chicago provides telling data for the theme that crime statistics, like the drunk's lamppost, are often used more for support than for light. Though Chicago had less than half the population of New York, in 1935 it was reporting eight times as many robberies. It continued to report a higher rate until 1949 when the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which collects national crime statistics, discontinued publication of New York figures because it had lost faith in them. In 1950, when New York installed a central reporting system, robberies rose 400 per cent and burglaries 1,300 per cent, passing Chicago in both categories. In 1959, Chicago installed its central reporting system, and again passed New York. By 1966, with new practices in both jurisdictions, New York was 25 per cent ahead of Chicago in robberies.

With some exasperation, the commission noted that "it seems unlikely that the level of robbery in New York today is thirteen times what it was in 1940 or triple what it was in 1960, but how does one decide for the purpose of long-term comparisons?" "The real question," it observed, "is not the method of estimation, but whether the yardstick at the present time is too changeable to allow significant trend comparisons to be made at the national level."

The Crime Commission is not the first thoughtful group to question the reliability of belligerent cries and loud laments about the alleged upsurge in criminal violence. Nor is it the first to suspect that the publicized national patterns of violence which, at best, can be described as erratic, are functions of matters considerably more fundamental than the evil nature of man, lack of respect for authority or parental malfeasance.

The feeling of menace obviously stems from a good deal more than the realities of the situation. Women may be much safer from criminal assault on dark streets than in their own bedrooms, and kitchen knives may pose a more serious threat than the armamentorium so vigorously glorified by the National Rifle Association, but such data provide small comfort to the alarmed city dweller. Besides, there is little hope of avoiding one's own bedroom, while lonely walks on moonless nights are undertaken at the stroller's option and risk.

The spurious relationship between real danger and people's ideas about it was nicely demonstrated by a research inquiry in Roxbury, Mass., undertaken a few years ago by Walter Miller. Working with 250 gang

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boys in the area, Miller and his associates attempted a wide range of tactics, most of them "executed with care, diligence and energy by competent and professionally trained workers."

Assessing the results of his project, Miller concluded that it has "negligible impact" in inhibiting law-violating or morally disapproved behavior. But he discovered that it did bring about a number of notable side effects. For one thing, the social workers felt encouraged by their ability to make contact and establish rapport with the gang boys. At some future time they could perhaps turn their new-found confidence to therapeutic ends. More important, Miller discovered that the three-year program had produced a significant feeling of ease and relaxation in Roxbury. Residents reported that they were certain that gang behavior and violence were on the decline, despite the patent contradiction of the statistics. Persons living in the neighborhood derived comfort from the presence of the gang workers, and began to feel something was being done to protect them.

If official statistics regarding crimes of violence are written in sand, and violence itself is often a perceived rather than a real problem, why then is the belief so prevalent in the United States that self-control is out of control and aggression rampant?

Partly, the skyrocketing figures in the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports, neatly packaged for the mass media each quarter, account for public concern. The Reports give numbers and percentages, and it is difficult to modify them with incessant critical and explanatory comment. A few years ago *The New York Times* undertook a front-page critique of the accuracy of the Reports, and followed it up with supporting testimony from police officials throughout the country. Since then, the *Times* has relegated stories based on FBI statistics to terse presentations on an inner page. Nevertheless, a *Times* headline such as that which appeared on June 15, "Major Crimes Up By 20% in Nation," cannot but have an impact, whatever its challenge to credulity.

Other things make criminal violence seem more ominous than it may actually be. For one thing, sensation is communicated more vividly today than it was in the past. Violence in minority group ghettos, once an intramural matter, is now carefully attended to by all of us. As communications have improved, much of the isolation imposed by transportation barriers has lessened. In earlier days, respectable community members moved between their houses and their work on well-trod, clean-cut paths. Today, they are apt to find themselves cutting across sections of the city perhaps never seen by their forebears. We come to view more and more of what is alien to us, which is often disturbing.

This point has been made well by the sociologist Daniel Bell, who observed that "the 'nostalgic' memories of oldsters for quiet, tree-shaded sections of the city are not so much distorted in time as in space. Because the city was marked off by neighborhoods, crime and quiet could coexist, without each section, or class, being immediately aware of the other." But "if violence, once bounded, has flowed over the walls," Bell notes, "it is not true that the amount of violence has increased."

The same note of skepticism regarding the alleged increases in criminal violence pervades a recent issue of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. Various authors looked closely at violence on the American labor scene, in politics, among city gangs, in prisons, in organized crime and in literature. Their views, summarized by Marvin E. Wolfgang, graduate chairman of the sociology department at the University of Pennsylvania, were strikingly similar: "Contrary to the rise in public fear," Professor Wolfgang noted, "crimes of violence are not significantly increasing." Juvenile gangs were found to engage more in verbal violence than in violent behavior, and the amount of the latter was found to be "surprisingly low." Organized crime was said to have shifted from blatant assault to financial fighting, with only an occasional subterranean resort to physical force. It was reported that no one had been slain in a labor dispute in the United States since the 1950s. A review of crime and arrest data, "while far from being statistically conclusive," indicated no substantial increase in aggressive crimes during recent years. Murder rates had remained fairly constant. Robbery and forcible rape rates showed moderate increases. Aggravated assault rates had risen the most but were far below the increases for property or nonviolent crime. And again the persuasive observation that fails to persuade the public: "The development and extension of better reporting standards by law enforcement agencies probably has contributed substantially to the increase found in published statistics."

There is irony, finally, in the fact that our concern with criminal violence is becoming particularly acute at a moment when young persons, the most violence-prone members of the society, are defecting in large numbers to the hippy ranks, coming together for love-ins, beflowered and carrying tambourines and flutes. Hippies disproportionately are protesters against force, particularly international force, and it is their boys who, with their long hair and often delicate ways, blend masculine roles—traditionally tied to toughness, aggressiveness and violence—with more passive and peaceful female ones.

The splintering of adolescent ranks draws attention to contradictions in the United States regarding violence. It has been noted, for example, that middle-class parents, who generally deplore the use of force, are most apt to use it when their children hit other children. On the other hand, if women of the working class may to some extent still regard beatings by their husbands as signs of certain affection, middle-class women usually will no longer tolerate physical aggression from their mates. In this matter, as in many others, the final verdict is still not in, but the trend seems inexorably in the direction of a downgrading of violence, not only in the middle class but ultimately throughout American society.

It is not unlikely that crimes of violence, despite public fear and political concern, are decreasing in American society, particularly when account is taken of such factors as urbanization, which are invariably correlated with violence. When the conditioning factors are stabilized, the nature of our crime problem may become clearer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Riots: Schools for Revolution?

1848: THE MAKING OF A REVOLUTION. *By Georges Duveau. Translated by Anne Carter. Introduction by George Rudé. Pantheon Books. 254 pp. $6.95.*

RIVERS OF BLOOD, YEARS OF DARKNESS. *By Robert Conot. Bantam Books. 497 pp. 95c paper.*

LOUIS KAMPF

Mr. Kampf is an associate professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His book, On Modernism: The Prospects for Literature and Freedom *(MIT Press) has just been published. It should be noted that Mr. Kampf's review was written before the recent events in Newark and Detroit.*

We Americans are notorious for lacking a sense of history. Therefore reading these two books together—one on the French revolution of 1848, the other on the racial violence of August, 1965, which turned a substantial part of Los Angeles into an ash heap—helps to put the difficulties of the moment in their proper perspective. Both the French and the current Negro revolutions began as attempts, by a broadly based coalition of moderates, liberals and radicals, to legally rectify institutionalized injustices; both developed into violent popular uprisings.

One of the virtues of Conot's highly detailed account is its unhesitating definition of events in Los Angeles as an insurrection. Obvious? Not to most. For in spite of the scope of recent ghetto disturbances (in Los Angeles over 4,000 people were arrested and 13,000 of the available 18,000 National Guardsmen were pressed into service), we refuse to recognize what is happening in our (their?) streets as anything more than riots randomly incited by hoodlums. This may lend comfort to our more simple-minded municipal officials; it will not lead to a proper understanding of events.

Official incomprehension derives from a perversion of historical analysis. For we are all victims—government officials as well as intellectuals—of an academic historiography which beclouds our perception of the obvious. The possibility of seeing American events as expressions of class interest or incipient revolutionary sentiment has become, like so much else, a victim of the cold war. To this, the eclipse of Charles Beard bears eloquent enough witness. The desire to justify America's world position has led a generation of historians to elevate a few ill-founded assertions to the level of unassailable dogmas: America is singular and not to be talked of in terms of Europe; because of our innate pragmatism and the marvelously pliable nature of our institutions, all change has been evolutionary and nonviolent; ours is a wondrously classless society; and finally, America, owing to the expansion of its economy and the enlightened nature of its business establishment, has been able to satisfy and reconcile all group interests. These imperatives have made poverty, racism, violence and an imperialistic foreign policy subjects to be ignored. But America's ghettos have refused to accommodate our historians and social scientists. We might yet have to look at the Negro revolution in terms of the history of European proletarian insurrections.

For this the late Georges Duveau's book should prove highly useful. It provides no substitute for Marx's (in *Class Struggles in France*) or Arthur Rosenberg's (in *Democracy and Socialism*) more formal analyses of 1848, but it turns the limitations of its impressionism to great advantage. For Duveau's seemingly haphazard dependence on the revolution's innumerable memoirs allows him to compose a finely balanced picture which affords the reader a participant's perception of events on the streets, of those popular insurrectionary ideas which, giving form to class hatreds, generate revolutionary fervor. And it is to the streets, to the sources of popular action, we must look if we are to understand 1848's progress from bourgeois reform —from Guizot's resignation, the proclamation of the republic, and the call for universal suffrage—to the Paris workers' demands for social equality and economic justice. Their attempt to make themselves heard by the use of mass demonstrations led, at first, to the workers' isolation from their former allies; eventually, to the brutal imposition of "order" by the military strongman, Cavaignac.

To those having the least acquaintance with the progress of the Civil Rights movement and its relevance to the life of the ghetto, all this should have the monotonous ring of familiarity. The shift from demonstrating for desegregation and the vote, to rioting for economic equality and black power, has given most whites an excuse for washing their hands of the whole problem, for having the police impose "order" on the ghetto, while yet insisting that Negroes are equal. Most whites are conveniently ignorant—at so late a date—of the wretched lives led in the ghetto. For them, Conot's account—in spite of its journalistic clichés, its mass of irrelevant detail, and its gratingly inept metaphors—should be required reading. The book is a catalogue of injustices, of those petty indignities which relentlessly gnaw at the humanity of any ghetto dweller. There is no end to them; and no end to the necessity for swallowing one's pride and submitting. The harassment, after all, is institutionalized; its administration officially sanctioned by the state. Thus any symbol of white authority becomes the mortal enemy of the black man's dignity. The Los Angeles insurrection, Conot makes clear, was an assertion of freedom, an anarchist outburst by those at the bottom of the industrial system against any sign of white authority. Thus it directed itself to the destruction of property—public or private.

Then why did this development—even the simple matter of the Negro's hatred for his white oppressor—shock with surprise? Events, after all, did follow an unusually clear historical logic: class interests (or just human feelings) were bound to assert themselves, and to generate the inevitable social divisions. Even that now distant symbol of unity, the March on Washington, with all its talk of love and its invocation of the American Dream, showed most of the symptoms of the coming split. Or it did so for those whose senses were not benumbed by the repetitive drone of *We Shall Overcome*, who were not blinded by the dogma of America's social system allowing for the peaceful resolution of all interests and struggle.

The success of the March on Washington was measured by the federal guarantee of voting rights. Yet 1848 might have taught us that electoral reform rarely implies social equality or the elimination of poverty. For the Paris proletariat the attainment of universal suffrage could lead only to disappointment feeding anger and, even-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tually, to the desperate violence of the June uprising. After that declaration of class warfare, all future revolutions, Marx remarked, would mean the overthrow of society, not of the state.

The illusions engendered by the illogically broad coalition which proclaimed the republic in 1848—it included the army, the church, some monarchists and representatives of the middle and working classes—blinded most revolutionaries to the incipient class struggle. They too had their slogans, repeated from an earlier revolution, about brotherhood and unity—what Marx called the poetry of Lamartine. Yet for years, a popular Jacobinism had been developing in the radical clubs. Has this been happening in Los Angeles? Was the uprising of 1965 spontaneous? Or had people, in fact, been organizing and educating themselves for revolution?

Conot gives us no convincing answers to these questions. For unlike Duveau, whose fine chapter on the popular lore of the barricades he might have studied profitably, he does not take naive insurrectionary ideas seriously; therefore, he does not really listen for their effects on the streets. The ghetto dweller's memories of past disorders, of slogans shouted and discussed, build their own traditions, their own bonds, their methods of organization: they create, in short, revolutionary possibilities. Conot loses few opportunities to ridicule the (occasionally odd) ideas of black nationalists: this may be his privilege; to ignore their relevance to the uprising is not. For the fate of these ideas will determine whether the ghetto can develop the sophistication of the Paris proletariat in 1848; whether the black poor can move beyond the limited objective of getting Whitey.

There is little evidence that Conot takes political ideas seriously. This does not keep him from being an honest and thorough reporter, but it does lead him to look at violence as a psychological perversion rather than a political weapon. Conot has the liberal's faith that enlightened self-interest, common sense, and a better program of community relations can lead to racial reconciliation and the betterment of the ghetto resident's lot. Once more, there is a lesson to be learned from 1848. The first task of the new government was "to provide food, peace, and freedom for all"; the next, to call for an assembly elected by universal suffrage. But can these two objectives be combined without a clash of interests? Can any assembly which will oppose those who hold economic power be elected? Or if elected, exercise power? The government established the National Workshops (to implement the right to work) and the Luxembourg Commission (for labor), but left both without the power to implement their policies. Acting as if they intended to take their radical ideas seriously only led to their summary dissolution. No resolution of interests was possible, and the failure of the Luxembourg turned the workers to insurrection and the barricades. Appropriately, it was the petty bourgeois legions (mostly shopkeepers) of the National Guard who, having played a vital part in the establishment of the republic, now destroyed the workers (naturally unarmed) in the name of "order."

The parallels to developments in the Negro revolution should be obvious. Nothing, any ghetto dweller knows, is gotten without power. Yet here is a part of Conot's solution for the difficulties he describes so vividly:

> Only if honesty replaces hypocrisy; only if expediency gives way to enlightenment; only if policy is made paramount to politics, may a genuine beginning be made to solving the interwoven racial and economic problems of America. And the problems must be solved, for they present a threat to the very survival of this nation on the concepts upon which it was founded.

The spirit of these sentences derives from Conot's failure to place his report in the context of the history of social struggles or within a general analysis of American society. His book is a catalogue of injustices, yet he makes little attempt to get at their source. The "survival of this nation on the concepts upon which it was founded"? But is it not these concepts which enable those with political and economic power to keep the Negro peacefully shuffling in his place? Isn't Conot really telling us that the nature of the American system makes struggle and violence inevitable? That the destruction of "the concepts upon which (this nation) was founded" might, in fact, be necessary for the Negro to attain social and economic equality? Racism and capitalism are not historical accidents whose effects are to be exhorted or psychologized away. The Bill of Rights does not exist in an economic vacuum. If the people of Watts are to break out of their perpetual misery, they will not get very far by appealing to their legal rights or to the noble words of the Constitution; these last years have taught them that they have little choice but to consider the white bourgeoisie as their class enemy—for it will give away nothing: neither out of moral feelings, nor even self-interest.

What is to be the fate of the current wave of uprisings? The June days of 1848 led to the inevitable reaction: 3,000 workers were executed, more than 11,000 arrested and deported. Had the insurrectionists of Los Angeles known of the ammunition depot and the magnesium and napalm plants in their midst, they could have destroyed the city. The revenge visited upon them might have dwarfed the June massacre into insignificance. The question is not whether there will be violence but what ends it will be made to serve. Will the ghettos use it to build stronger organizational and fraternal ties? to attain at least some of its objectives? Or will there be a succession of momentary outbursts, of emotional releases, which will lead only to the further isolation and the ultimate destruction of the Negro in America? Of the Los Angeles uprising's long-range effect on the black community, Conot, not surprisingly, has preciously little to tell us.

As General Duvivier lay dying during the June days, felled by an insurrectionist's bullet, he was heard to say: "These poor workers should be given employment: the nation's hand should be opened for them." The Negroes of our country are still shown little more than a closed fist.

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

VOL. XI, NO. 3 SUMMER 1967

GEORG BORGSTROM
Food—The Great Challenge of this Crucial Century

ROSALIE L. COLIE
Organizing the Final Solution: Patterns of Reaction

EDWARD W. SAID
Vico: Autodidact and Humanist

H. BRUCE FRANKLIN
The Island Worlds of Darwin and Melville

R. J. KAUFMAN
Bruising the Serpent: Milton As a Tragic Poet

JOSEPH BENTLEY
Satire and the Rhetoric of Sadism

PETER A. SODERBERGH
On War and the Movies: A Reappraisal

• • •

Subscription Rates:
$1.00 for single copies
$3.00 a year (4 issues); $5.00 for two years

Available from bookstores or from

110 Morrill Hall,
Michigan State University,
E. Lansing, Mich. 48823

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Coltrane: 1926-1967

A. B. SPELLMAN

Mr. Spellman is a poet and jazz critic. He is the author of Four Lives in the Bebop Business (*Pantheon*).

My first reaction to John Coltrane's death was more selfish than I'd like to believe: I thought, but there's so much he hasn't played yet!, as if I was being capriciously deprived of a source I had every right to expect to flow freely forever.

At his funeral, though, and in conversation with people committed like myself to the music of John Coltrane and of those who may be said to be his followers, I encountered similar sentiments. In the last ten years, I have spent more time with this man on records and at in-person appearances than with any single person I know, excepting my wife, and there are many others who can say the same thing.

The musicians at the funeral felt such a loss. 'Trane had been their spiritual leader, perhaps the one man most responsible for the breakthrough into the New Music of the sixties. That explains the moving tributes played there by the Albert Ayler and Ornette Coleman groups. Certainly, his is the voice one hears most often from the horns of today's reedmen. A-melodic, screeching and blasting, interminably free, he blew a music of ultimate emotional statement. He was a paramount soloist, and for ten years we watched his solos grow in weight, length and complexity, until it required such listener commitment that his critics thought he would frighten audiences away from jazz. When sitting in front of Coltrane, one had to be prepared to have one's nervous system cathartically disassembled to the point that it was painful to think that he would go further. And he would, always.

That, too, was heard at the funeral. Did John's music kill him? Could a man give up all that feeling night after night and walk in sanity and good health? I have thought that many times. Two sets of his wailing always left me feeling that the man was about to blow his tubes, and the rumor that I heard at the funeral, that 'Trane had been complaining that it hurt him to play in weeks before he died, was said so as to imply that he had blown his life out of his horn.

That he should die of an inflamed liver was surprising to all of us who knew him. True, we had heard him complain about his health periodically, but he seemed such a strong man, and he had become a nondrinking vegetarian in his last years; and whenever he was not on the road, he stayed quietly in Dix Hills, Long Island, studying new instruments: sitar, lukembi, koto and bass clarinet (this horn belonged to Eric Dolphy, and was given to John by Dolphy's mother after that young genius fell dead two years ago on a German concert stage of an undiscovered case of diabetes).

I came to realize that John Coltrane was a prime musical innovator in the summer of 1957, when he was working with Thelonius Monk at the Five Spot. He had previously been heard with Miles Davis, and before that he had made the kind of rounds that most young jazz musicians make while working their way up: section work with Dizzy Gillespie, sideman work with Johnny Hodges, Earl Bostic, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson and rhythm and blues singers too numerous to name.

At the Five Spot, assisting in Monk's long-overdue repatriation into the jazz club, John found himself in one of those rare historic groupings wherein innovators of two generations came together to forge new means of expression. Monk, of course, was one of *the* key gurus of the bebop revolution. Shadow Wilson, the drummer in that group, had participated in that revolution; and Wilbur Ware, the bassist, was of Coltrane's generation, and his work in the Monk group was the beginning of the liberation of the jazz bassist from the role of metronomic accompanist.

John found his chordal explorations broadened by a pianist and composer whose comping was dissonant and placed in odd sections of the beat. To quote myself, "we hear(d) Coltrane's relatively abstract explorations of chordal progressions, with violent scales and rapid clusters of notes that uncoil into long, twisted lines. There (was) also Coltrane's sound, shrill and uncomfortable, directed at the nerve ends." Unfortunately, this band was never adequately recorded, for we have only three bands of one LP, *Thelonius Monk with Coltrane* (Riverside 490) to remind us of their work.

But serious musicians and students of jazz attended that band very carefully, and it was immediately apparent that East Coast hard bop tenor saxophone transcriptions of Bird licks would do no longer. Sonny Rollins was the dominant tenor saxophone voice of the fifties, but from this point on, the young tenor saxophonists would infuse more and more of the Coltrane sound into

HOW BLACK IS THE WHITE MAN?

JUSTICE IN THE BACK ROOM

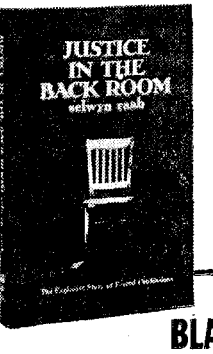
by Selwyn Raab

Suspense, mystery and murder—ethics, legality and justice—all these elements are closely examined in this intensely exciting narrative based on the forced confession of a negro suspect in the Wylie-Hoffert murder case. "Seldom has police brutality and the zealous wringing out of false confessions from innocent victims been more tellingly indicted than in journalist Rabb's cannonade against the New York Police Department . . . tightly written with no detail spared for the squeamish."

—Virginia Kirkus Service

"Very good crime reporting, and able crusading for better police practices."

—Publishers' Weekly



$6.95

BLACK POWER, WHITE RESISTANCE:
Notes On The New Civil War.

by Fred Powledge

This comprehensive analysis, by an extremely well informed observer, deals with a simple but explosive question: Can Negroes and whites get along together in this country? This is not a collection of generalities, but rather a thorough assessment that goes to the root of existent problems in the North as well as South. He describes what has been done and what must be done to cope with one of the most ominous problems facing this country. It is clearly one of the best books available on this subject today.

At your bookstore $6.95

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
A SUBSIDIARY OF THE TIMES MIRROR COMPANY
Cleveland and New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Rollins method, until the password came to be "Freedom!!"

After Monk, John Coltrane went back to Miles for two years, during which time he extended his modal investigations, to the horror of his critics. This has been called his "architectonic" period, when his longest solos would consist of two or three brilliantly constructed lines. *Blue Trane* (Blue Note 577) with Coltrane as leader, and *Milestones* (Columbia CL1193) are good examples of his work in this period.

With the advent of Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor in the sixties, John, no longer isolated in exploration, found new freedom. His solos eschewed logical, thematic development and went for direct, powerful emotional communication through intense vertical chordal note clusters. This confounded the critics—there simply was no point in dissecting these solos; one judged them in terms of the sweat one expended digging them, and the limpness one felt when they were over. To quote myself again, these solos "had to be measured in quarter hours rather than in choruses, solos like soul rinsings which left his audiences dripping from exhaustion."

In his last few years, John developed a deep theosophic kind of spirituality. This, combined with a desire to make definite statements about the culture and condition of his people, gave his music a programmatic quality and led him to develop new musical techniques such as the use of voice, as in *A Love Supreme* (Impulse A77) and in *Kulu Se Mama* (Impulse A9106).

Since 1960 the New Music, which is decidedly long form, has outgrown its scene, and in the last year 'Trane became more and more concerned with this predicament. He said to me, "the way things are going now, everybody in the band can solo for a half hour or even longer. But in the clubs, they want us to play forty-five-minute sets, and that's just time for one solo. So where are we going to play?" He thought he might open up his own club, non-alcoholic if necessary, so that all musicians could present their music in whatever format they wanted.

Throughout his career as a leader, John Coltrane used his night club appearances and record dates to sponsor new talent; not only the necessary sidemen like drummers Elvin Jones and Rashied Ali and bassist Jimmy Garrison but also the best of the reedmen, like Pharaoh Saunders, Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler and Eric Dolphy, all of whom were, in the marketing sense, his competitors. Such was the unselfishness of this artist, whose art was by nature selfless. And that's why I felt so selfishly last week that death had stolen something from me.

Pornography and Violence

IRVING YOUNGER

Mr. Younger is professor of law at New York University School of Law. He was formerly Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

Ian Brady and Myra Hindley were tried, convicted and sentenced last year in the Assize Court at Chester, England, for the murder of Edward Evans (17 years old) and Lesley Ann Downey (10 years old). Brady alone was convicted of murdering John Kilbride 12 years old). The killings were particularly atrocious. It appears that Brady and Hindley tortured and sexually abused the two children, as an extra fillip tape-recording the agonies of the girl. They buried the bodies on the moors outside Chester.

Of normal intelligence and without clinical symptoms of madness, the murderers were students of sado-masochism, sexual perversion and fascism, on which subjects they had accumulated a small library (e.g., *The Pleasures of the Torture Chamber, Sexual Anomalies and Perversions, Mein Kampf*). Their especial hero was the Marquis de Sade.

Pamela Hansford Johnson has made rather a good thing out of these infamous murders. Assigned by the London *Sunday Telegraph* to cover the trial, she wrote it up for *Life*,* and then published a book that, although silent on its genesis, is in fact an expansion of the *Life* article.**

Miss Hansford Johnson speculates whether society should not limit the freedom of the writer to write obscenity in order to lessen the risk that at other times and places other demons like Brady and Hindley may be driven by books to commit dreadful crimes. She gives no answers, resting on the hope that her book will set others thinking.

Let us try.

The issue is one of law, since the limitation of freedom is an end to which law is the means.

In Britain, by the Obscene Publications Act of 1959, a person may be imprisoned for publishing obscenity, which the act defines as any article whose effect is "such as to tend to deprave and corrupt persons" who are likely to be exposed to it.

In the United States, a federal statute makes it a felony to mail anything which is "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy or vile." Piling up words is no way to convey meaning. What exactly the American statute forbids is as difficult to say as what exactly the British statute forbids. So we pass directly to the initial query:

What are we talking about? The plain answer is that we are talking about pornography. The trouble with this plain answer is that it is impossible once and for all to define pornography. In a recent case, the Supreme Court announced that seven Justices have four different ideas of pornography. Justices Black and Douglas believe that government is utterly without power to suppress or control pornography, whatever it is. Justice Stewart would limit government's power to the suppression of "hard-core" pornography, which he cannot define. Chief Justice Warren, Justice Brennan and Justice Fortas think that obscenity is material that taken as a whole appeals to a prurient interest in sex, is patently offensive when measured by contemporary community standards, and is utterly without redeeming social value. Justice Harlan is of the opinion that redeeming social value has nothing to do with it.

If we do not concern ourselves unduly with the Supreme Court's verbalizations, we can read its many decisions on obscenity as follows: (1) there is something called pornography which, by the gambit of labeling it not-speech, the Court casts beyond the protection of the First Amendment to the Constitution; (2) because it is beyond the protection of the First Amendment, pornography may be forbidden, controlled or regulated; (3) it is bootless to try to define pornography in the abstract, for whatever the Court thinks *should* be forbidden, controlled or regulated *is* pornography; (4) the Court does not yet understand fully the considerations that determine whether material should be forbidden, controlled or regulated. Perhaps something of this was in Justice Stewart's mind when, in a case several years ago, he said that he couldn't define pornography, "but I know it when I see it."

In order to discourse rationally, we need to be somewhat less pithy than Justice Stewart, and so we shall posit a definition: pornography is material that deals with sexual life.

The considerations that determine whether pornography should be forbidden, regulated or controlled are not, after all, so very obscure. One way to illuminate them is to examine the value of pornography from the viewpoint of

*"Who's to Blame When a Murderer Strikes?" August 12, 1966.

**_On Iniquity_. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pornographer, the pervert and the ordinary person.

An obvious value of pornography to the pornographer is its profitability. We can readily imagine a pornographer for whom pornography has no other value—the peddler of filthy post cards, of lubricious comic strips, of priapic motion pictures. We can just as easily imagine a pornographer for whom pornography has some other value. Pornography may be the substance of comedy (*Gargantua and Pantagruel*, Book 2, chapters 21-22) or of tragedy (*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*). Pornography may supply the rhetoric to vivify an otherwise dull text (*Ezekiel*). Pornography may symbolize something not pornographic (*The Song of Songs*). Pornography may create a special aesthetic effect when couched in a style commonly put to the service of quite other matters (Catullus LVI).

O rem ridiculam, Cato, et iocosam
dignamque auribus et tuo cachinno.
Ride, quicquid amas, Cato, Catullum:
res est ridicula et nimis iocosa.
Deprendi modo pupulum puellae
crustantem: hunc ego, si placet Dionae,
pro telo rigida mea cedidi.

An absurd and laughable thing, Mr. President,
well suited to your ears and famous smile.
Lord love you, Mr. President, listen
To this absurd and laughable thing.
I stumbled on a youth trying to bugger a girl,
And, Lord love me, I, with my much bigger thing,
While he was so busy, neatly buggered him.

In short, pornography is important to art. None would object to curtailing the freedom of the pornographer whose sole motive is profit, if one could be sure that the artist's freedom to use pornography would not also be circumscribed. The problem seems to be that the law does not know how to tell the artist from the entrepreneur. The Supreme Court says that a redeeming social value is what divides art from commerce. How then tell whether a work has redeeming social value? Chief Justice Warren and Justices Brennan, Fortas and Stewart think *Fanny Hill* has it. Justices Clark, Harlan and White think not. When reasonable men cannot agree on the result, it may be that the formula is wrong.

To find out whether a certain pornographer is an artist, why not ask other artists? Their opinion will conclude the matter. Such a test would have two of the greatest virtues a law can have—simplicity and certainty. At a pornography trial, the defendant would call artists to the witness stand. If they testify that the defendant is an artist, the judge dismisses the case, for the artist should be exempt from punishment as a pornographer. If no artists believe that the defendant is one, the jury convicts him and the judge sentences him, for punishment should be the lot of the pecuniary pornographer.

What marriage manuals are to the innocent, pornography is to the pervert. Where else, if not in pornography, can he find out how to vent his passions. Not every deviate is as fecund of satisfactions as the copious de Sade. Burning with a fire that he cannot name, let alone learn how to quench, his libido may boil over into brutish violence (one Jack the Ripper is enough), whereas, could he only read somewhere what men similarly situated have done in the past, he might well find some relatively harmless means of release. Most of us have at one time or another asked, "What exactly is it that pederasts (for example), *do*?" The nascent pederast is no different. What exactly is he to do? He finds the answer, as the rest of us have found it, in pornography.

The social utility of pornography to perverts has been insufficiently appreciated.

To ordinary persons, pornography is a pleasant diversion. It is absurd that the heavy weaponry of the law should be brought to bear on such a trifle. The lawyers themselves know that quixotry never justifies resort to the majesty of the law. *De minimis non curat lex*, they say. The law does not concern itself with small things.

Ordinary persons do, however, concern themselves with their small children. If parents think it desirable, they may elect to supply their small children with pornography, but most, for self-evident reasons, will not. The latter object to the activities of any pornographer who caters to their children, for the very good reason that nobody relishes interference with his right to raise his children as he sees fit. So any law that forbids strangers to feed pornography to children will receive general approbation.

Ordinary persons believe that they can take pornography or leave it alone. Their picture of their sexual selves is one of sophisticated self-control. Accordingly, the pornographer who thrusts his merchandise on a disinterested or reluctant customer makes himself a stench in the nostrils of the community. Should the law interdict him, all would applaud.

This is not to say that pornography as an element of salesmanship must be forbidden. Without pornography, advertising would make dull reading indeed. The leer of the sensualist has long been recognized as a way to get people to buy. In *On Iniquity*, for example, Miss Hansford Johnson leers like a sensualist every 15 pages or so:

> There is not much doubt that the child was submitted to gross sexual indignities after the photographs were taken and, presumably, between the two periods when she seems to have been gagged. The transcript may be read in more than one way, but only one of them really makes some dreadful sense.
>
> Perhaps he [Mr. William Gaskill, Director of the Royal Court Theatre] has grasped the revolting details of the murder of Lesley Ann Downey.
>
> I wanted to attend the Moors Trial: also, I did not. The details of it had already sickened me. My imagination ran too freely. But there is no dis-

YES! I WANT TO CARRY THE "SPIRIT OF GLASSBORO" TO RUSSIA THIS SUMMER. TELL ME HOW I CAN JOIN THE GLASSBORO CITIZENS AND OTHER AMERICANS OF ALL AGES AND OCCUPATIONS IN A *Citizen Exchange Corps* 3 WEEK STUDY-EXCHANGE VISIT LEAVING N.Y.C. ON AUGUST 26. I WANT TO TAKE THIS STEP TO HELP PREVENT NUCLEAR WAR.

Write-Wire-Phone LT 1-8113

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip .....

CITIZEN EXCHANGE CORPS
Dept. N-8-14
550 5th Ave.
NYC 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde.**

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde.**

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the **L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other,** and Berkeley **Barb.**

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever.*

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost $10 per year. This is not inexpensive, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*—before **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out—we will send you a whole year for *only $5.* This is *half price!*

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

—Buy gift subscriptions for only $5.

—Renew your own subscription for $5 *forever,* despite any subsequent price increases.

—Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once.* To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to **Avant-Garde,** 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y., 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

AVANT GARDE

Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose $5 for a one-year subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde.** I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying only half price!*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

© AVANT-GARDE 1967 • nal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guising the fact that a part of me was titillated. I wanted to know *all* the details, not solely because it was my job to do so, but because there was in them an element of repulsive stimulation.

There was, in the court, no atmosphere of horrific excitement, except when those terrible tapes were played.

The Moors Case, far more repulsive in detail than most people have even begun to realize . . .

It must be the natural desire of anyone who read through the evidence in the Moors Case, who was present at the trial, to clean it right out of the mind.

It might have been better for me, an individual, if I had had nothing to do with this case at all. It has left a mark which I think will never quite be eradicated. People who talk about the trial, who have followed, even closely, the press reports, have small idea what it actually meant: what actually happened. What did happen to Lesley Ann Downey, as is generally agreed by those close to the case, I cannot put on paper.

Pornography is so deeply rooted in the tradition of literary salesmanship that it cannot be excised. Who would ever approve a law that might punish Pamela Hansford Johnson as a pornographer?

A failure to perceive the connection between advertising and pornography may explain the Supreme Court's decision in the Ralph Ginzburg case, surely one of the silliest opinions ever written. Recently the Court held publications such as *Lust Pool, Shame Agent* and *High Heels* to be not obscene. Yet Ginzburg was convicted (and sentenced to five years' imprisonment) for publishing *Eros,* a magazine devoted to charmingly romantic celebrations of sex, *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity,* a bland, clumsy and moralizing account of a lady's sexual experiences, and *Liaison,* a pamphlet containing articles on sex reprinted from professional journals. Recognizing that such material by its own tests is not obscene, the Supreme Court looked to Ginzburg's supposedly pornographic advertising to support the conviction. If it were not for Ginzburg's punishment, the opinion would be little more than cause for fun with the Court. Remembering his punishment, the angel of reason and justice must weep.

Granted! Miss Hansford Johnson might cry, but you have not faced up to the basic question, which is "whether, by making all books available to all men, we do not pay too high a price, if that price should be the death of one small child by torture."

When she suggests that literature drives men to torture and murder, Miss Hansford Johnson indulges in the pathetic fallacy of investing one's self and one's works with the power of miracles. Who has not walked in the street and seen a child suffering at nature's not always perfect hand—a little girl with palsy, perhaps, or a mongoloid boy? Who has not then said to himself, "If I could buy normalcy for that child at the price of my sight (or my right arm, or both my legs, or my life, I would pay it." So with artists. How pleasurable to imagine that, if only they gave up their art, the children would be healed, would live.

Unfortunately for the poetry of things, there is no shred of evidence to think so. As Miss Hansford Johnson puts the question, it is too easy. Of course the death of one small child, by torture or otherwise, is too high a price to pay for "making all books available to all men." The problem, really, is whether, if we paid the price, one small child might live who otherwise would die. That answer nobody knows. Without proof, the sane legislator will not restrict the artist's freedom to create or the audience's freedom to consume.

Certain limitations on pornography, we see, would be wise and feasible. They can be expressed in a simple code. (1) "Pornography" means material that deals with sexual life. (2) It is forbidden to sell or give pornography to any person under the age of 18 who is not the child of the seller or giver. (3) It is forbidden to attempt to sell or give pornography to anyone who is unwilling to buy or receive it.

Here we have an answer to Miss Hansford Johnson's question. And once more Iago proves himself the most percipient of psychologists: "If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our nature would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions."

Sholom Aleichem in the Park

SIDNEY BERNARD
Mr. Bernard is the New York editor of Literary Times.

The real long-hot-summer's insurrection is taking place in Central Park on almost any night and Sunday afternoons—starting north from Harlem Meer (Negro and Spanish dance evenings) to the middle reaches at Delacorte Theater (Joseph Papp's free Shakespeare evenings and Jewish, Negro and Puerto Rican poetry-folk song programs on open-date Mondays) to the southerly open reaches of Sheep Meadow (for those massive *and* high-quality Philharmonic music-ins, and the Sunday be-ins, smoke-ins and what's-next-ins) to the still further south Wollman Skating Rink (where jazz and folk of the pantheon are heard at Rheingold beer prices) and doubling back over the whole park, athlete-wise (for week-end bike-ins with no vehicular presence more threatening than a baby pram or horse-drawn hansom). A marathon of alfresco pleasure, most all of it free.

On a recent Monday at the Delacorte the program was "An Evening of Yiddish Poetry and Folk Music" and one's feeling was: You don't have to be Jewish to enjoy—or, conversely, the whole world's Jewish in this area of the arts. The foibles and folk wisdom of a Sholom Aleichem, to cite one part of the program, translate with ease to all conditions and climes. The material partakes of an irreducible human capacity for self-jesting, basic pride and rapport among one's fellows that goes beyond national or ethnic barriers.

This mood of universality was put across trimly and professionally. And the setting—the magic backdrop of Belvedere pond, the high stony crag upon which the castle sits, the hazy orange three-quarter moon above, and the nestling intimacy of an S.R.O. crowd of 2,300 in the oatmeal bowl theatre—was a par excellence treat. The evening opened with readings from several Yiddish poets—Yuri Suhl, Itzik Manger, Martin Birnbaum, Moishe Nadir and Itzik Feffer among them—read from sitting position on high stools by Suhl, Birnbaum, Michael Gorrin and Zelda Lerner—and translated by James Ray, in what turned out to be the only strictly Anglo-Saxon accent of the evening—albeit an accent that swayed like the bulrushes with a dip here for humor, a firming there for pride of being and a tensing in a third place for loss or suffering.

Covered were such topics as sweatshops, the futility of war (specifically, the Czar's war), labor in its best and worst guises, the ghetto, and Jews as a timeless and wandering people. Most moving of the dozen or so poems,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judging from the rapt involvement of the audience, was a traditional epic by Feffer called *Ich Bin a Yid*, which recounted in stately cadence Jewish woe through the ages—from Torquemada on through Hitler. The title line motif ("From under swords my sigh was heard,/ *I am a Jew. . . .* ") became a capsule of triumph over adversity, as if no loss or calumny would ever erase inner identity. Moishe Nadir's *Mein Leben* or *My Life* was on the other hand a quizzical and humorous other side of the coin: "Give me your life," says the Czar. "It's not mine to give," comes the answer. "It is God's. War or no war, it depends on direct orders from Herr Jehovah."

The verse was followed by folk songs, performed by Martha Schlamme, and in Yiddish song, Miss Schlamme is *baleboste* (or "boss"). She was blonde-topped, and dressed in a near-mini fishnet orange gown, all of which made a blend with that misty orange moon, the moon peeking on intimately from a nine o'clock position to the stage. Assisted by Mordechai Sheinkman on piano, Miss Schlamme offered comic songs from the East European *shtetl*, songs of adolescent love and family set pieces that are steeped in tradition. Although hers is not a big voice, she nevertheless had a rousing effect on the audience, an effect not unlike a Melina Mercouri of Yiddish folk. Miss Schlamme was followed by a reading in English of Sholom Aleichem's "The Clock That Struck Thirteen," brought to life by Miss Lerner with clarity and high humor.

Last on the bill was a concert reading of "A Tale of Chelm," from *The World of Sholom Aleichem* by Arnold Perl. And here the evening was in full orbit—out in that serene and heady and improbable high ozone of the Yiddish author's comic-serious genius. "Why is the ocean salty?" asks Mendele the book peddler of Rabbi David. "You don't know?" the Rabbi responds, in a tone of chagrin. "No." "Because of the thousands of herring that swim there." And this joke from The Melamed, or village teacher: "If I were the czar I'd be richer than the czar. Why? I'd do a little teaching on the side."

The meaty part of "A Tale of Chelm" had to do with The Melamed going to town to buy a goat—"Not just any goat, but a *female* goat," his wife Rifkele warns—so that the couple could enjoy a gourmet treat of cheese blintzes. What happened on the way and back was a tour of folk humor ("Canterbury Tales East"?) that brought waves of laughter every step. Will Lee in the teacher role and Zelda Lerner as the wife were particularly good. James Ray as Mendele, Michael Gorrin as Rabbi David and Martha Schlamme as The Goatseller completed the cast.

The full program was directed by Bernard Gersten — who everywhere coaxed rather than pushed his material and principals. Itche Goldberg was literary adviser and the lighting—always a strong plus in Delacorte productions —was by Martin Aronstein. Two programs of poetry and folk music remain —Monday, August 14 (Negro) and Monday, August 21 (Puerto Rican). As we say—get over to Central Park.

THEATRE/ Julius Novick

In its little eyrie theatre atop a green hill overlooking downtown Cincinnati, the Playhouse in the Park serves up, for the most part, the conventional regional-theatre repertory: this year's schedule includes *The Fantasticks*, *The Birthday Party* and *Uncle Vanya*. Unlike most such theatres, however, the Playhouse manages to include a surprise or two every season. Last year it presented the American premiere of *Eh?* by Henry Livings; this June it offered the American premiere of *The Cavern*, by that consummate professional among playwrights, Jean Anouilh.

Since he began work in 1929, Anouilh has written at least thirty-three plays, of which *The Cavern* is not one of the best: it displays the defects of his qualities as well as the qualities themselves. He has always been a facile writer, superbly conversant with the stage and what can be done on it. But there is something somehow insolent, overconfident, about the open manipulation of theatrical devices in *The Cavern*. The play begins with a character called the Author, who explains that this is a play he never succeeded in writing, and who keeps coming back after nearly every scene to complain that this won't do at all. After a while, the joke wears thin. The Author-character himself invokes the name of Pirandello in discussing what he is doing, but I do not see why this should disarm the criticism that Anouilh is borrowing a Pirandellian convention and playing around with it to no very significant purpose.

Still, I doubt if we in America are so rich in good theatre that we can afford to look down even on second-rate Anouilh. In an old-fashioned way, *The Cavern* is a viable piece of theatre—old-fashioned because Anouilh has always been an extravagantly romantic writer. That is the secret of his success: the most extravagant romanticism tempered by the most skillful workmanship. He delights in writing exquisite sugarplum idylls (which play much better than they summarize) about poor, beautiful, virginal girls who win the love of rich and handsome young men. But there is another side to Anouilh's romanticism: *The Cavern* is an expression of his taste for lush and violent melodrama, featuring as it does murder, rape, bastardy, abortion and white slavery. It seems, in this play the Author has never quite written, that the cook in a great house has had, years ago, a child by the duke, her master. She has raised the child to be a priest, and is furious when he falls in love with a kitchenmaid who is already pregnant. The whole situation culminates in homicidal fury and a fatal stabbing.

This may sound in summary like impossible nonsense (and some of it is a bit overripe) but Anouilh has cleverly employed his Pirandellian scaffolding to prevent us from feeling that we are meant to take the play more seriously than we are willing to take it, without preventing us from being moved by it now and then. The plotting is lively, and so, in spite of much hackneyed gush and tosh about the gulf between upstairs and below stairs, is a good deal of the dialogue. *The Cavern* has an old-fashioned charm, yet it also has moments of revelation about the hardness of life, and

YOU SHOULD KNOW CANADA BETTER!

Read CANADIAN DIMENSION
Editor: C. W. Gonick

Leading forum of Canadian opinion. Independent and lively.

Send $3.00 for a trial year's subscription—6 Big Issues
Write:
CANADIAN DIMENSION
P.O. Box 1413
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba, Canada

Just Published

How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK—The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A-31-K, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 8-14-67
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $6

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State ..... Zip No. .....

the cruel, cynical strength that suffering can breed (which in turn breeds more suffering). For all his romanticism, Anouilh has by no means closed his eyes to the real world.

Though the Cincinnati production, directed by Michael Kahn, was uneven—as work in the resident theatres tends to be, there were sound performances by Emery Battis as the Author, Charle Cioffi as a police detective, and Donald Ewer as a greasy valet. Irene Dailey, imported as a guest artist to play the cook, stomped about in an over-obvious attempt to be peasanty, but her performance had a certain rawboned strength all the same. Most of the others ranged from adequate through mediocre to poor.

And as so often happens in the American theatre, somebody in charge seems to have had a tin ear. The upper-class characters spoke in upper-class English accents, the valet and the coachman spoke cockney. So far so good. But the detective employed what sounded like a neo-Peter Sellers French accent, and most of the rest stuck to standard American, except for Miss Dailey, who played the cook in Irish-American. Whatever happened to the ideal of a homogeneous ensemble? (The translation, liberally sprinkled with British idioms, only emphasized the inconsistencies. Couldn't someone at least have Americanized the dialogue here and there?)

A flawed play, then, sometimes bordering on the trivial, and inconsistently performed. But the whole occasion was redeemed by a young actress named Lynn Milgrim, who played the pregnant kitchenmaid. Miss Milgrim has spent several seasons at the Charles Playhouse in Boston; she is unknown in New York, but that is New York's loss. Her part in *The Cavern* was not an easy one: nothing but barefoot meekness until about 10:30, and then an explosion. For most of the evening Miss Milgrim was a touchingly abject and miserable slavey; but when the explosion came, it was stunning. The girl had swallowed insults and injuries for a lifetime; now her hatreds burst out of her, vomited up with hysterical force, a tremendous indictment that accused us all of complicity in her suffering.

The scene is capably written, in a melodramatic way; but it was Miss Milgrim who made it eloquent. I left the Playhouse with a sense that something had really *happened* to me—a feeling rare enough in our theatre, where even "serious" plays are more likely to tickle than penetrate. And perhaps it was not only my connection-seeking turn of mind that made the kitchenmaid's outcry seem to say something about the riots that had, coincidentally, shaken Cincinnati during the run of the play.

EAST HARLEM *(Continued from page 107)*

young adults, the scene seemed a striking confirmation of the theory.

With roughly 2,000 people engaged on the streets and a hard core of nearly 200 causing the night's violence to mount, the Tactical Patrol Force, an elite riot-containment unit, was called in to control the neighborhood. But this same unit on the first night of the riot had arrived on Third Avenue with such force that representatives from El Barrio, who earlier that day had met with Mayor Lindsay, had demanded that the TPF be kept out of East Harlem for good. On Sunday night, the TPF battled along Third Avenue until early morning when calm was restored, but they left behind them a bit of venom that helped spawn the sniping and fire bombing of the riot's third and last night.

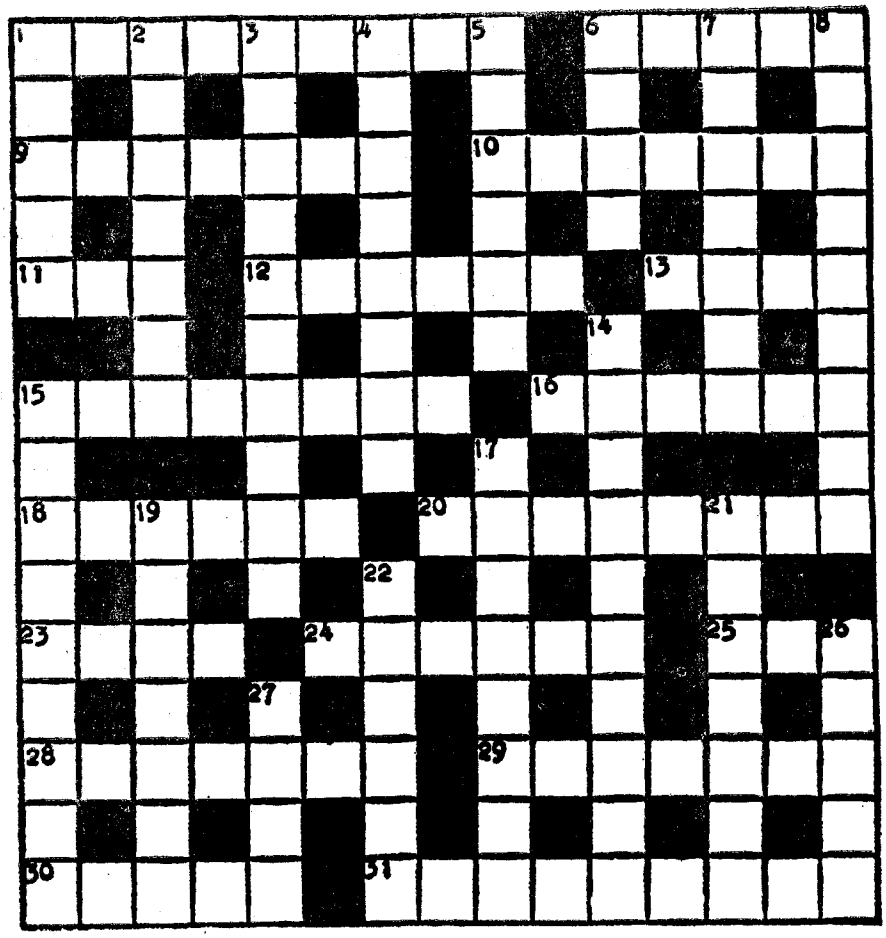
Unique to East Harlem's rebellion was the absence of violence during daylight hours. Thus, on Monday afternoon, while the Mayor shook hands during long walks through the neighborhood, a comment made by a TPF trooper the night before spread through El Barrio like wind-swept fire: "Go home," he allegedly had said to the crowd. "You didn't lose anything, you just lost another spic!" Mayor Lindsay's frantic efforts that day to use his personality to cool the resentments exploding now after decades of encrustation seemed to many in El Barrio, in the light of that policeman's statement, a bit more like a song and dance for the benefit of TV cameras. And two days after the riots had ended, the Mayor, despite all his good intentions, was burned in effigy on 109th Street: after all, the reasoning went, wasn't the TPF and the trooper with the loose tongue under his command?

When the crowds came together once more at 111th Street on Monday evening, a chalk line had been drawn across Third Avenue; words written there read, "Puerto Rican border. Do not cross, flatfoot." Using garbage cans for platforms, speakers addressed the crowd, some of them expressing ideas not common to El Barrio. Earlier that day, a small group had passed out pro-Maoist pamphlets; now a man was standing on a garbage can condemning American democracy, not from a Marxist point of view but from a nationalistic one. His language was not the patois of East Harlem but a purer Spanish understood with difficulty by El Barrio's apple-pie-eating and Marine Corps-joining American youth, who now listened carefully. In evidence also was the Puerto Rican flag, a banner young East Harlemites seldom take seriously. Nonetheless, the paraphernalia of nationalism now accentuated the void separating the crowd from the men in blue uniforms who represented the government of the city. When the violence came this time, the youths were firing pistols, and gasoline bombs were seen blazing in the streets. But the cops were swift and tough, the firing heavy, and two deaths occurred. The next night, Tuesday, a rainfall cooled the city, driving those congregated on the stoops into their homes. And when the rain ended, a church-arranged procession with flowers, candles and song passed through the streets of El Barrio as if they were lanes in some troubled village deep in Puerto Rico. Many of the youths sneered, and a few threw bottles that night; but everyone knew now that the riots were over.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1211

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Coat of tar? (3, 6)
6 See 23 across
9 Piers, perhaps. (Does one find a shareholder here?) (7)
10 See 1 down
11 and 13 Vulgarly, a teller's cage? (3, 4)
12 The sort of old people made of stone, including the upright type. (6)
13 See 11 across
15 Work over a fast time—in one sense it's pleasant. (8)
16 Draw back proving a way to insure more crops, by the sound of it. (6)
18 This place is rather ordinary. (6)
20 Someone who tells us the facts about beer? (8)
23, 24 and 6 across Brooklyn accent? (4, 6, 5)
25 Without her Ford, Mrs. Haye's husband tells what no one likes to drive in. (3)
28 You ought to be able to hear something within it. (7)
29 Evening clothes? (7)
30 Floored, perhaps, with an old-fashioned hat? (5)
31 One might expect to know the course you intend to follow. (9)

DOWN:

1 and 10 across What the phony strong man might lift on your desk? (5, 7)
2 Resolution might be suggestive of what Tom Jones was. (7)
3 The false alarm is old and familiar to some South Americans. (10)
4 Fish under the sort that should burn easily. (8)
5 Owe the change to the singer? (6)
6 and 27 down With pillow cases over the foot? How careless! (8)
7 If one says "Tilt!" what are you trying to do? (7)
8 Said to be incorrect with 1 down, in a way, but one can't see whatever does it! (9)
14 The pleasant sort of acid L.S.D. poor men compound. (5, 5)
15 Remember to pick up things again! (9)
17 Classification according to rank might, calling down this. (8)
19 One of three kingdoms? (7)
21 Named because one used to start things from the earth. (7)
22 Old deity such as Ra, this could be. (6)
26 We have been termed this of the 1 down type by orientals. (5)
27 See 6 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1210

ACROSS: 1 Beer and skittles; 9 Spirals; 10 Niobium; 11 Lies to; 12 Angelica; 14 Enthusiast; 15 Mesh; 17 Alps; 19 Accessions; 22 Overfill; 23 Whiter; 25 Initial; 26 Six-pack; 27 Mortality tables. DOWN: 1 Basal metabolism; 2 Evident; 3 Acanthus; 4 Dash; 5 Kindnesses; 6 Tooled; 7 Laicize; 8 Sympathy strikes; 13 Piccalilli; 16 Asphyxia; 18 Premier; 21 Outfall; 24 Espy.

PUBLICATIONS

THE IDLER. Lively, offbeat, liberal monthly. $1 brings four different sample back issues. **Idler, 413B 6th St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.**

"SELECTED POEMS" of GEORGE FLYNN (Villiers of London—$2.00) is "the most exciting American poetry since Ezra Pound." —James Turner. **Available in U.S. from the author at: 145 West 12 Street, New York City 10011.**

WORLD DEMOCRACY by Bin Dir Woor, Self-Designated Symbolical World President. **Unique, Entrancing. $2. Greenwich Book Publishers, 282 7th Avenue, N.Y.C.** As the first Symbolical World President, Bin Dir Woor calls on President Johnson to call a **WORLD CONGRESS** of all elected heads of nations to arbitrate the Vietnam War and **all future wars.**

BIG BLUE BOOKS. 1000 titles, 50c each, all subjects. Catalogue 10c, refundable. **LARSON'S BOOKS, 410 E. Minn., Cannon Falls, Minn. 55009**

ART

ORIGINALS COST LESS THAN REPRODUCTIONS: Contemporary original signed etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, $3.50. Guarantee. Free brochure. **GRAPHIC CIRCLE (NA), 68 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10011.**

FULL COLOR FOLD-OUT CATALOGUE (22" x 28") of Berkeley Bonaparte posters by **Rick Griffin, Bob Seidemann, Stanley Mouse, Bob Fried, Wes Wilson, Victor Moscoso, Joel Beck.** Send 50c cash or money order to: **Berkeley Bonaparte, 1940A Bonita Avenue, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

FOR RENT

APARTMENT TO SHARE—Business woman offers private room and sharing of kitchen to responsible woman. West Side downtown Manhattan, elevator building. **Polshek — Business phone (212) PL 1-2100.**

PERSONALS

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE
(Computerized Matching—All Ages)
"Let TEAM make you a team."
Write:
TEAM Project
P. O. Box 359, Church St.
New York, N.Y. 10008, Phone 889-6020

GRADUATE STUDENT holding M.A., entering Ph.D. training at Syracuse University this September—desperately in need of apartment or room in University vicinity. Please notify before September 1. **Peter Dumanis, 170-04 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N.Y. 11358.**

YOUNG MAN seeks full-time work with peace, civil rights or humanitarian organization. Wishes to "cop out" of industrial advertising. Experienced in copywriting, editing, direct mail, publicity. Organizational and promotional experience with local liberal concerns. **Alan Swenson, 11 Park Place, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003.**

SECOND ANNUAL WALDEN TWO CONVENTION, Urbana, Illinois, August 25-27. **Gerald Baker, Cresco Iowa. Phone: 319-547-3742.**

BOOKLOVERS KIT. Contains book pockets, marks, tabs, minipencils. $1.00. **Educational Services, 2790 West Fifth Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11224.**

Advertising Rates
Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The security we profess to seek in foreign adventures we will lose in our decaying cities. The bombs in Vietnam explode at home: they destroy the hopes and possibilities for a decent America."

— Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
Sponsor, VIETNAM SUMMER

VIETNAM SUMMER believes there will be no peace at home until there is peace in Vietnam . . . until this immoral squandering of the nation's resources is brought to an end. To spend $322,000 for every enemy we kill, while spending $53. on every American classified as "poor", is more than a disproportion; it is an obscenity.

When Dr. King and others called on April 23 for a national VIETNAM SUMMER combining the "fervor of the civil rights movement with the peace movement," they asked for 10,000 volunteers to work in 500 communities. VIETNAM SUMMER now has 26,000 volunteers working in over 700 communities — students, clergymen, businessmen, professionals — engaged in a neighbor-to-neighbor, door-to-door national teach-out program against the war. Here is what is unique about that program:

NEW AREAS: VIETNAM SUMMER is a truly national movement. We are working in places where there has never before been any peace activity . . . in Utah, Tennessee, Iowa, Alabama, Wyoming, Nebraska, Arizona, Oklahoma, Texas, and dozens of other states.

NEW PEOPLE: VIETNAM SUMMER is working with the people in the black ghettos of Cleveland, Chicago, East St. Louis, Richmond, Watts, New Haven, Milwaukee, Philadelphia and twenty other major cities . . . We sponsor model programs of anti-war work among Mexican-Americans in Denver, Albuquerque, Los Angeles and throughout the Southwest . . . We have 3,000 volunteers in the South alone . . . We have community action programs going in poor white areas in Pittsburgh, Gary, Ind., Buffalo, Rochester, Kansas City and Minneapolis.

NEW APPROACHES: VIETNAM SUMMER volunteers are working in your communities — canvassing neighborhoods, holding living-room meetings — identifying people who are uneasy about the war and have until now felt alone . . . We have developed a "Vietnam in the Schools" program for introducing anti-war materials into colleges and high schools in the coming school year . . . We are co-ordinating anti-war referenda campaigns in 15 cities . . . We support draft counseling centers in 12 cities . . . Each community determines its own course of action.

NATIONAL ACTIVITIES: VIETNAM SUMMER headquarters in Cambridge functions as a national communications network for the anti-war movement, a clearing-house for educatonal materials, and a center for program development . . . Our projects have received network television coverage and publicity in over 250 newspapers . . . Our own newspaper, VIETNAM SUMMER NEWS, reaches 80,000 people every other week.

VIETNAM SUMMER's work must continue, and expand. We are building a new moral and political base, committed to ending the war so that we may redirect our resources towards establishing a truly great society.

Dr. King's call for VIETNAM SUMMER is supported by Dr. Benjamin Spock, Robert Scheer, Dr. John C. Bennett, Dr. Albert Szent-Gyorgi, Rabbi Abraham Heschel, Carl Oglesby, William Pepper, Carey McWilliams, and many others.

VIETNAM SUMMER needs $200,000 to fulfill its program.

Send to: VIETNAM SUMMER, 5 Cadbury Road, Cambridge, Mass., 02140

☐ **I enclose a contribution of $_____ for VIETNAM SUMMER (please make checks payable to Vietnam Summer.)**

☐ **Please send further information.**

☐ **Please put me in touch with my local VIETNAM SUMMER project.**

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ **STATE**_____ **ZIP**_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED